THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

Happy Tories

THE Conservative Party has only its opponents to thank for the surprising revival it has recently enjoyed. Although two years ago millions of workers meekly laid down their tools in behalf of Labor, no politician has succeeded in turning this state of mind to account. Coal miners have submitted to docked wages and increased hours; the cotton industry contemplates similar measures; the balance sheets of the big banks and big industries show handsome profits; yet the small minority that profits from this state of affairs finds no want of support from the vast majority that suffers from it. Nobody wants a general election for another year, and the chances of a Labor or a Liberal-Labor victory that looked so good twelve months ago have sunk noticeably to-day.

Matters of secondary or academic interest have been the chief concern of the British press in the past few weeks. Prayer Book re-revision, the publication of some rather indiscreet letters by Queen Victoria, and the American debt and American navy questions, have been commanding front-page attention. The last subject, of course, provides the most lively comment, especially from an American point of view, and to give an idea of what some Britishers say about us we feel that we can hardly do better than quote the words of Mr. Leonard J. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*.

With the possible exception of *Punch*, the *National Review* is by all odds the most amusing periodical in the British Isles. Every month its opening pages are devoted to an editorial survey of the world, liberally peppered with shots across the Atlantic. The American navy becomes the American Armada, the American debt the American tribute, and so on. Lately Mr. Maxse has discovered that the British debt, or tribute rather, will easily pay for our proposed new battleships. This notion, coupled with Admiral Plunkett's hearty message to the mother country, inspired the following delicious passage: 'This year we are paying £18,000,000 twice, total £36,000,000, and in the future it is liable to be increased. This annual tribute, it will be observed, comfortably covers the highest estimate of the cost of the new American

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navy. That is a fact which such bodies as the B. B. C. would doubtless suppress, and which is taboo in Anglo-Americanizing newspapers. But it is bound to become a topic of public and even passionate discussion (whether Wall Street and Lombard Street like it or not), and, as the years roll on and the giant Armada grows and American policy becomes increasingly inspired by the Anglophobia in and around Chicago, an overwhelming popular demand will arise in this country for the repudiation of our American tribute, and responsible statesmen will find themselves compelled to bow to the storm. Think of it — £18,000,000 of British money twice a year to be expended on another Mailed Fist that makes no concealment of its intentions "to apply pressure to the British people," or, as the *Times* euphemistically prefers to put it, "is at least designed partly with the object of making a strong impression on British opinion."'

The fact that these are Tory views and the probability that the Tory Party will remain in power for some time to come do not, however, prove conclusively that Armageddon is at hand. Even the Conservative *Morning Post* points out that the United States would hardly care to cut off 36 million pounds a year by declaring war on England, and finds in the debt the greatest guaranty of peace. This view, of course, assumes that England will fulfill her obligations, or, as Mr. Maxse would have it, not 'repudiate' her 'tribute.'

The outspoken British memorandum on the subject of arbitration and security reaffirms, according to the *New Statesman*, England's faith in the Locarno Treaty on the one hand and her unwillingness to submit to promiscuous arbitration on the other. Attention is drawn to the fact that Article XVI of the Covenant merely 'recommends,' and does not require, military enforcement of the League Council's demands, and that Great Britain cannot be depended upon to lend such aid under all circumstances. A prominent American is reported by the *Daily Telegraph* as having said of the British memorandum: 'Why, it might have been written by a one-hundred-per-cent American.'

The *Manchester Guardian*, on the other hand, finds the memorandum 'singularly unimaginative and unprogressive,' and adds: 'So far from desiring to extend the scope of international law, the British Government declares that it is unable unreservedly to accept even the law as it stands. And this not because it believes the law to be wrong, but because it does not accept the duty of submission to law as a generally binding principle. The reason it gives for this remarkable attitude is that if it agreed to settle all judicial disputes according to judicial interpretation of the law some decisions might be of such a kind that the British public would prefer to break its word rather than submit to the decision. The clear impression is further conveyed that the Government welcomes this alleged frailty on the part of the British public. The charge is so monstrous and unfounded that one can only suppose that the Government makes it in order to avoid shouldering the responsibility of saying on its own account that there are some matters in which it definitely prefers force to law, while not disputing the justice and validity of the law. The whole passage reads as an assertion, in a certain undefined sphere, of the dominance of might over right, and is the nearest approach to a condonation of the "scrap of paper" policy which ushered in the war that we have seen outside Germany itself. So different does the appeal of "vital national in-

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terests" appear when it is one's own interests that are at stake.'

British military operations in the Sudan against the Nuer tribesmen have aroused unusual alarm. One of the most uncompromising of Egyptian Nationalists, Prince Omar Tussan, gave an interview in which he stated that the declaration by Sir John Maffey, Governor-General of the Sudan, to the effect that British policy aimed to fit the Sudanese for self-government was a snare and a delusion. The Prince asserted that the only way for the Sudan to attain freedom would be for Egypt to take the country over. The chief significance of this interview lies in the fact that conditions in the Sudan are turbulent just now, and that the Egyptian Nationalist Party is said to have sent a delegation to the outspoken Prince just before this announcement.

German Politics

Having abandoned the idea of monarchy, the German reactionaries, by no means an inconsiderable body, are now busily promoting an authoritarian state dominated by the industrial magnates and big landowners and headed by a president with certain dictatorial powers. A memorandum by ex-Chancellor Luther setting forth the aims of a 'League for Promoting the Reorganization of the Reich' contains the substance of this programme, which the *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent characterizes in these terms: 'For concealed arrogance the manifesto is unrivaled, but it certainly represents a very widespread though undefined crypto-Fascist movement against democracy, against the parliamentary system, and against political parties — indeed, against politics as such. This movement has a considerable paralyzing force in public life. It supports German unity, but with reservations in favor of particularism that must contribute toward defeating the widespread desire for greater unity. Although without always admitting as much, the movement aims at giving the president of the Republic greater powers and at diminishing the influence of Parliament and reducing democratic control.' The same paper also remarks on 'how primitive much of German political thought still is, and what explosive material lurks beneath the surface of German public life.'

Meanwhile the German Centre Party, headed by Chancellor Marx, finds itself in difficulties because the Left representatives of a Republican Christian Trades-Union movement dislike the way their leader is compromising with the Nationalists. Not long ago Marx announced that 'the Centre is neither a Monarchist nor a Republican party; it is a Constitutional party.' This moved Herr von Guérard, leader of the Parliamentary group, to declare that the Centre was a Republican party, since the Constitution is Republican. General elections are drawing near, and various elements in the Centrist coalition are proving so restive that the present combination may well break up before June, which was the earliest date it had set itself for dissolution.

Stresemann's foreign policy is the one popular element in the existing Government, and, no matter what the fortunes of the polls may be, the present Foreign Minister is likely to retain office. Paris, however, is disturbed at his renewed demand for Rhineland evacuation. Pertinax, writing in *Écho de Paris*, points out that Germany's record of good behavior is all too short to justify giving up such an excellent means of forcing Dawes Plan payments. He also fears for the safety of the new little states of Central Europe.

Beaumarchais, the new French Ambassador to Rome, has a difficult job

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on his hands. Not only must he face the problem of Italians in Tunis and France, but he also has to cope with the even more ticklish Franco-Yugoslav alliance. Although *Tribuna* and *Lavoro d'Italia* feel that Berlin might stand by Rome in diplomatic manœuvres against Paris, *Frankfurter Zeitung* suggests that the Italianization of the South Tyrol is an equally important factor. Greece is expected to remain neutral in the event of an Italian-Yugoslav conflict, whereas Rumania would stand by France as long as the Bratianu Party remains in power.

Italy and the Balkans

The following warning, published in *Foglio d'Ordini*, the official gazette of the Italian Government, has not tended to increase good feeling between Rome and Belgrade: 'In the past four years Yugoslavia has displayed no good faith, no good will. She has, on the contrary, taken every opportunity of organizing anti-Italian and anti-Fascist demonstrations even in the speeches of politicians. The Yugoslav press has been unanimous in wounding and calumniating and attacking Italy, the Italian army, the Fascist régime, its men, and the entire Italian people. All the preparations of the Yugoslav army are directed against Italy, and Yugoslav imperialism publicly claims all Italian territory from Pola to Udine. Yugoslav Italophobia has sometimes reached a state of paroxysm, as after the signature of the Franco-Yugoslav Treaty. The sole exception to these demonstrations has been the reception accorded at Zagreb to an Italian writer. The Pact of Friendship with which Italy showed that she wanted to enter into friendly relations with Belgrade has not improved the substantial relations between the two countries. Belgrade has done nothing in that sense. The responsibility does not, therefore, devolve upon Italy. Yugoslavia has six months' time to give a new turn to her policy toward Italy — a great nation that can wait, and does not at all fear the events of the future.' Two days before this announcement was made Italy had agreed to extend for six months only her treaty of amity with Yugoslavia. Mussolini will presumably use that interval to decide on his future policy toward Belgrade and to entrench himself more firmly in other parts of the Balkans.

The visit to Rome of M. Titulesco, Rumania's Foreign Minister, supports this view. Mussolini is now said to be bidding against France for the Little Entente, having succeeded in quieting Rumania's fears regarding the munitions that were smuggled from Italy to Hungary. Rome hopes to woo Bucharest away from Belgrade and then to dragoon the latter into submitting to Italian hegemony in the Balkans. The Rumanian Liberals, weakened at home, pin their hopes to Titulesco's foreign policy, while their rivals, the National Peasants, look to Berlin for aid. Optimists hope for a general pact between France and Italy covering all Balkan affairs, and great things are expected of M. Beaumarchais, who is an old hand at straightening out such difficulties.

The *Westminster Gazette* reports that Italy has frequently been guilty of smuggling arms to various parts of Central Europe, and that the recent Hungarian affair may lead to an arms-traffic convention. This paper's Geneva correspondent flatly asserts that Italy smuggled munitions to the Hitlerites in Bavaria, and that since 1925 a regular traffic has been going on with Hungary, Bavaria, and Bulgaria. Attempts to prevent the Little Entente from bringing the latest scandal before the League have met with strong denunciation in Paris. The *Écho de Paris* deplores the fact that any 'pariah nations,' as it

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calls Germany's war-time allies, are permitted to serve on disarmament commissions, and it attacks Count Apponyi for failing to face the question squarely and for comparing the hundreds of thousands of troops in Czechoslovakia and Rumania with Hungary's army of thirty-five thousand. The danger of hesitation at this juncture is that the League must not be shown ineffective in enforcing disarmament. The Radical *Volonté* asks in alarm how the League would be able to apply to the German Reich a procedure from which Hungary is exempted.

Rumor has it that Hungary will enjoy the support of the Vatican and of Mussolini in its attempts to have the Trianon Treaty revised. The new Hungarian cardinal, Justinian Seradi, speaking in a hall decorated with Italian and Hungarian flags, assured his hearers that Hungary enjoyed the full sympathy of Italy, adding: 'I am a friend of peace and justice, but the two are and must forever remain bound together. Peace cannot be expected where injustice exists.' Curiously enough, Cardinal Seradi was not the Hungarian Government's own candidate for the primacy to which he has just been elevated.

Spain and Portugal

When at the turn of the year Portugal solicited the active coöperation of the League for the solution of her economic problem, a new period in the second dictatorship may be said to have begun. General Carmona's firmly established régime is described as a 'conspiracy to end conspiracies,' and it has made the same appeal in Portugal that Primo de Rivera's has in Spain. The Lisbon correspondent of the London *Times* says that after sixteen years the Portuguese Republic once more stands at the crossroads, and describes the situation as follows: 'The magnitude of the task before that Dictatorship is clear from the sad record of the democratic system that was to have disfranchised the nation. Some seventy per cent of the people were illiterate, and most of them have remained so. In sixteen years there were forty ministries, which provided portfolios for five hundred ministers, belonging to as many as twenty parties. There were a score of "revolutions," some accompanied by bloodshed, but usually more farcical than tragic. It can hardly be possible to find elsewhere such failures of the parliamentary system as are provided by the record of the Portuguese Cortes. Both the Legislature and the Executive had fallen low indeed when they permitted José Julio da Costa, the assassin of Sidonio Paes, a president of the Republic, to remain free for a considerable time, and even to find an obscure refuge in government employment. He was, however, arrested a few months ago, and is shortly to be tried by a military court.'

In pursuance of its general programme of modernization, Spain may well decide to rejoin the League within the coming year. King Alfonso is said to have opposed his country's withdrawal, and some appropriate development is now being awaited to serve as an excuse for Spain's return to Geneva. The interview between Primo and Sir Austen Chamberlain in the Balearic Islands last summer may well have opened the path to future negotiations.

Asked to prophesy what would happen in Spain during the next five years, General Primo de Rivera remarked that 'a century of bad government requires a half-century of strong government.' He spoke of closer relations with Latin America, but failed to commit himself on any specific subject.

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Far East

A new source of friction has arisen between China and Japan in the alleged persecution by the Chinese of Korean settlers in Manchuria. The great tide of agricultural settlers moving north from the more densely populated provinces of China is naturally creating a keen demand for farms and home sites in the frontier territories. Japanese settlers, on account of their superior standards of living, cannot compete with the Chinese, and are not numerous. But the Koreans can compete, and they therefore present a different problem. Moreover, Japan's representatives in Manchuria have taken it upon themselves to be very diligent in defending the claims of the Koreans to consideration. The Chinese suspect that they are doing this partly to strengthen their political hold upon the province. This probably explains the growing enmity with which Koreans are regarded both by Manchurian natives and by the newcomers from the south.

Shanghai seems to be the happy hunting ground of the propaganda impresario. An editorial writer in the *China Weekly Review* reports that foreign business men, despite the hard times, have dug deep down into their pockets to finance various agencies to influence public opinion in their behalf. 'The writer knows one case where a leading foreign firm, almost without question, handed over the sum of ten thousand dollars to a man who was promoting, or said he was promoting, some scheme to prevent the spread of Bolshevism in China. Well, so far as we know, the only benefit derived from the appropriation was to provide the promoter of the propaganda with a new motor car.'

Last December Viscount Saito was replaced as Governor-General of Korea by General Yamanashi. The retiring governor, a naval man, was appointed in 1919, when Korea seemed on the verge of insurrection, and he is credited with reforming the administration, allaying the discontent of the people, and leaving the province peaceful, orderly, and apparently fairly well satisfied with its present status.

The dissolution of General Tanaka's Government at the end of January, and the subsequent general election, when, for the first time under manhood suffrage, ten million electors had the right to vote, indicate that the nation as a whole is turning against tendencies toward imperial expansionism in China. The vast majority of Japanese live in a state of dire poverty, and they are gradually understanding that military excursions only serve to make their lot more miserable. Nor do the manufacturers and big industrialists find that aggressive methods abroad improve their trade. The Tanaka Government came into office last spring, during the worst economic crisis the country has ever known. Strong methods were needed then, but although production, unemployment, and wages had all suffered as a result of the panic, the time has now come for a change.

Pan-American Comments

English and French commentators on the Pan-American Congress both display a certain amount of maliciousness, but the British, realizing that we are at best poor imitators of their own imperialist policy, strike a more temperate note. The pro-American *Spectator* says: 'The nation has really drifted into her "imperialistic" policy almost inadvertently. We Englishmen know how such things can happen, and we can sympathize with her.' The Liberal *Nation and Athenæum* feels that Coolidge's speech, though 'singularly free from anything that could be considered as a reference to concrete

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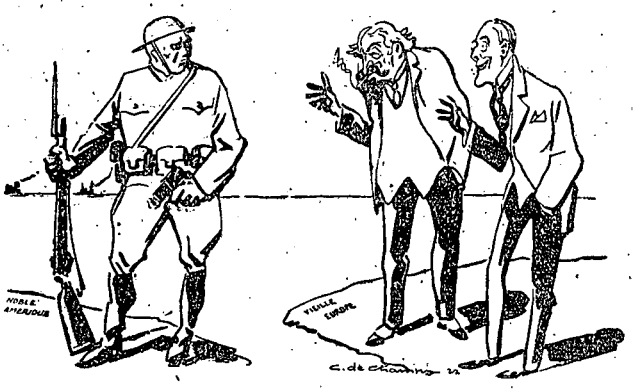
political problems,' could easily be 'construed as a side blow at the League of Nations,' adding: 'In Europe, and even in the League of Nations, the jealousies of the Great Powers have given the smaller states an opportunity to assert their views. In the Pan-American Union the overwhelming strength of the United States stands out without a rival or a second. It is small wonder that the South American republics have watched with some suspicion the absorption of Central America into a United States sphere of influence, or that they are less inclined than President Coolidge to build a wall of isolation between the New and the Old World.'

The *New Statesman*, which seldom misses a chance to take a fling at the United States, and especially at Coolidge, has this to say: 'Whether the Nicaraguan "Liberals" are in the right or in the wrong we have not the smallest idea; but it is perfectly evident that the whole of the present policy of Washington is based upon the right of the strong — in the cause, of course, of righteousness — to use their force against the weak. Some day soon the whole of Central America may become, in effect, part of the Empire of the United States; and that may not be a bad thing. But events have rather unfortunately this week provided unanswerable comments upon Mr. Coolidge's well-rounded rhetoric.'

A temperate French critic, the historian Jacques Bainville, writing in *Liberté*, declares that it would be futile to pretend that the United States is not a very great Power. 'One must, in short, do justice to their moderation. It is like Augustus saying to Cinna: "I am master of myself as well as master of the universe." We have been burning too much incense to American liberty. We defined it as civic liberty, the democratic ideal, and so on. But to be free is to be strong. Because it is strong the United States possesses a sovereign liberty that would be difficult indeed to distinguish from imperialism if it were not that President Coolidge, unlike President Hindenburg, does not wear epaulets, a sabre, and spurs.' Henri Barde, writing in *L'Œuvre*, explains that 'inter-American law merely consists of allowing the United States to act as it pleases.'

OLD HANDS AT PACIFISM



BRIAND AND CHAMBERLAIN. 'We know all about that. The same thing has been going on for a long time in Morocco, Syria, China, and India.' — *Humanité*, Paris

AMERICA OUTLAWS WAR

. . . but she constructs new cruisers.

— *Cyrano*, Paris

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BUSINESS ABROAD

France to the Fore

POINCARÉ'S decision to lift the embargo on capital exports from France has weakened the Bank of England's control of European finance. In our last issue we gave the *Statist's* careful explanation of why the Bank of England would not drop its discount rate, but the very next week the same journal began whistling another tune and confessed its surprise at the new turn of affairs: 'The lifting of the embargo on capital exports from France appears to have found its immediate reflection in a movement of funds from France to London, which at the present moment is undoubtedly the most profitable of the big gold-centres in which to lend money. The plethora of credit in Paris has been largely the product of the embargo. Money has been almost unusable in France, and the artificiality of the 4-per-cent Bank rate is to be seen in the fact that over the week to January 12 the Bank of France's discounts were reduced by 1070 million francs to 1271 million francs, being thus almost halved within one week. Such a movement is highly significant. The only remedies that were available for restoring the official loss of control over the market were either a further reduction in the French Bank rate or normalization of the position by restoring the complete freedom of capital. The latter is being given a trial. The only manner in which it can work is through the transference of resources from France, where they are superabundant, to other gold centres.'

The effects of the change at once made themselves felt. The Bank of England itself now has a 40-million-pound gold reserve, giving it a reserve ratio of 34 per cent and constituting a record figure for any time since 1916. A 4-per-cent bank rate, says the *Statist*, 'cannot be long deferred.' This prediction is based on the mass psychology of the market and on the Continental demand for sterling bills. 'German, Belgian, and Dutch quarters,' says the *Statist*, 'have evidently taken a unanimous view as to the immediate future of London money rates, and their demand for our bills, coupled with relatively scant supply and a definite unwillingness to sell, has had this inevitable effect in driving down discount rates.'

The *Economist* sees in M. Poincaré's measure 'an important step in the direction of stabilization,' and remarks: 'How soon this move will be followed by the final act, to which all parties in France now appear to be committed, is still uncertain. But this decree — which, indeed, leaves the Government the option to reimpose the restrictions if it should prove necessary — gets rid of an embargo which is incompatible with a real return to a gold basis. The immediate effect of the release appears to be not an export of capital but a sale of foreign securities for the purchase of French Government securities on the assumption that this step brings stabilization nearer. At the same time there are no doubt many folk in France who have, in fact, been restricted from investing in foreign securities, though many others have doubtless evaded the law. It is possible, therefore, that there may be an outward movement which may transfer a part of the large holdings in England,

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America, and elsewhere of the Bank of France and of the Treasury into private hands. If this measure passes without any important change in the situation, it is difficult to see what excuses can be put up for further delay in the matter of definite stabilization.'

M. Caillaux summed up the situation in these words: 'Stabilization will merely fix an existing fact, and if it is successful it will pass off without being noticed.'

The *Economist* offers the following comment on price conditions in Paris: 'Retail prices in Paris, speaking generally, remain the lowest in Europe (particularly for rent and bread) with the doubtful exception of those for meat. The index figure of 500 for December indicates that the selling prices of the thirteen commodities taken into account stand, in sound money, at almost exactly the same level as before the war. This suggests that no allowance is being made for the general rise of 30 per cent to 50 per cent in production costs, which should be affecting France, as it is clearly affecting other countries. A similar situation was observable for many months in regard to French exports, the remarkable inflation of which, it is now generally admitted, was due to the selling prices being lower than world level. It is possible that the present apparent prosperity of the French industrial and commercial classes is equally artificial.

'What is inexplicable is the almost universal illusion in France that the cost of living is abnormally high, whereas the facts confirm exactly the contrary. While real wages here are demonstrably higher than before the war, like all other factors in production (with the notable exception of rent), most categories of prices remain (in gold) the same as before the war, or have dropped even lower.'

England's Unemployed

British labor conditions in 1927 took a distinct turn for the better, and, although unemployment followed roughly the usual seasonal fluctuations, definite improvement was discerned by the end of the year. The week ending January 16 recorded 1,193,800 people unemployed, which was 38,269 less than the week before, and 197,218 less than the same week a year before. For the second week in January this is the best figure since the boom year of 1920.

In spite of wage reductions in the coal trade and prospective reductions in the cotton trade, the British laborer receives fully as much real wages as he did before the war, and enjoys rather more leisure. Seventy per cent of the wage reductions in 1927 occurred in the coal-mining industry, where nearly 800,000 workers were affected. Even so, the weekly full-time rate of these classes of working people for whom particulars are available averages 70 to 75 per cent above the corresponding rate for August 1914, as compared with about 75 per cent at the end of 1926. At the beginning of 1927 the cost of maintaining unchanged the pre-war standard of living was approximately 75 per cent greater than in July 1914, but as the year wore on the percentage of increase in the cost of living dropped to 63 per cent on June 1, and had only risen to 68 per cent by the end of the year.

One of those periodic outbursts of newspaper enthusiasm in regard to brighter outlooks for British trade has just occurred as a result of the increased output of the British shipyards. *Lloyd's Register* announces that last year's output for Great Britain and Ireland represented 53.6 per cent of the total world production, and that the increase in British tonnage was twenty times as great as the increase

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of foreign tonnage. The motor ship has proved more popular in other parts of the world, where the output of vessels of this type runs to nearly 50 per cent, as compared with rather less than 30 per cent in Britain.

Reginald McKenna, addressing the shareholders of the Midland Bank, of which he is the Chairman, pointed out that the world is now living on what he classed as a dollar standard. 'Although gold is still the nominal basis of most currencies,' he said, 'the real determinant of movements in the general world level of prices is the purchasing power of the dollar. The conclusion is forced upon us that, in a very real sense, the world is on a dollar standard. As long as conditions remain at all similar to those we know to-day, America will be able to pursue her credit policy without regard to gold movements, and to maintain control over the world level of prices.'

The *Morning Post* draws an interesting parallel between Mr. McKenna's tribute to the United States and the remark of the German economist List, who spoke as follows of Great Britain almost a hundred years ago: 'A world's metropolis which supplies all nations with manufactured goods . . . a treasure house of all great capital — a banking establishment for all nations, which controls the circulating medium of the whole world, and by loans and receipt of interest on them makes all the peoples of the earth her tributaries.'

John Maynard Keynes, Chairman of the National Mutual Life Assurance Company, warned his fellow countrymen against letting Americans or other foreigners acquire all the common stock in such new enterprises as oil, motors, and artificial silk, and conservatively confining themselves to bonds. In particular he referred to the insurance companies and investment trusts, who are placing an ever-increasing proportion of their funds in the Stock Exchange, and who, he says, should develop this policy still further. How many other insurance companies have followed this advice during the past ten or fifteen years we cannot say, but many of their shares have increased by as much as 400 per cent in value since 1914.

Another prophet has spoken. Mr. Lloyd George, since returning from Brazil, has been urging British investors and industrialists in no uncertain terms to win back the South American trade they enjoyed before the war. The Americans, he says, 'beat us first of all in advertising and in the way they push their goods. They have introduced American methods. We, on the other hand, are dependent entirely on the prestige and the quality of our goods. In addition to that, they are considering the local conditions and needs in a way that we absolutely ignore. That is particularly the case with regard to motor cars. They are selling cars which are better adapted to the rough roads of a new country than those that we export. The result is that they are practically capturing the motor trade there. That is very serious, because the demand for motors is growing enormously. There is a new road-development policy which has been advocated and which is being put into operation, and the demand for motor traction will grow very considerably in the course of the next few years. It is a misfortune that our manufacturers are not making a special effort to capture this very promising trade.'

The British Government's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has decided that British industry as a whole has failed to make use of the results of scientific research. Three examples are cited — coal, cot-

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ton, and aluminum. The results of recent geological research, new methods of manufacture from cotton fibres of products comparable to artificial silk, and new development of aluminum alloys, have all been virtually ignored. The general conclusion of this report is that 'British industry is years behind the results of British scientific research.'

Germany

Germany and France have become alarmed over the possibilities of a price war in the foreign market for aluminum. The Aluminum Company of America, which controls more than half the production of this metal, is increasing its output and lowering prices. *Berliner Tageblatt* points out that, even with the recent reduction from 26 to 23 cents per pound, American consumers pay $25 more per ton than do Europeans under the cartel price, while the American tariff of $110 per ton shuts out most foreign competition. France is more deeply concerned with these barriers than is Germany, for she has increased her production from 21,000 tons in 1926 to an estimated 25,000 tons in 1927, and looks forward to 6000 more tons annually from the new Riouperoux works. In 1926 Germany exported 12,000 tons, but in the first eleven months of 1928 she sent only 4700 tons abroad, 2000 tons going to the United States. Part of America's increased production may be ascribed to the change from iron and steel to aluminum in automobile construction, but European observers fear that the expansion of the Mellon trust may mean a world fight for markets. If such should be the case, our antidumping laws would protect our home market, whereas Germany, enjoying no such tariff, would suffer.

German exporters, who are handicapped by the Italian barriers against their goods, and who are not a little vexed by the increasing sale of Italian goods in Germany, have found a new cause for complaint in the recent Italian regulation regarding the import of medicinal preparations. The sale of these goods has been hampered by the governmental decree that all such preparations must be analyzed by the Minister of the Interior and that an expensive permit must be obtained before the goods may be sold in the Fascist State. It is felt that this regulation springs less from medical than from national motives.

Evidence of Germany's enterprise in recapturing her South American markets is seen in the announcement that the *Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft* has secured the contract to supply telephone and telegraph cables between San José and Puntas Arenas in Costa Rica. The main cable is eighty miles long, and it will be used for internal and international telegraph and telephone service with the United States.

The German metal trades have been harassed by wage disputes. Although *Die Rote Fahne* boasts of there being 50,000 workers on strike, more conservative estimates place the number closer to 30,000. The big works at Halle and the factories and foundries throughout Saxony have been idle since the employees refused to accept the offer of an arbitration board for a wage increase of 0.71 cents an hour instead of the 3.57 cents an hour which they demanded. Metal workers in the Saar are agitating for increased wages and reduced taxes, and the Ruhr miners have denounced the present wage scale at a huge meeting in Bochum.

According to *Berliner Tageblatt*, the German textile industry is essentially sound and healthy, although the last months of 1927 witnessed a diminution in orders and a fall in prices. Decreased

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consumption due to unemployment was considered a doubtful symptom of an impending crisis, and the seasonal increase in orders following the Christmas buying and the annual inventories should tide the industry over the first few months of this year. Linen manufacturers suffer from a shortage of flax, the present supply being only sufficient, it is estimated, to supply the mills for the next three months. Germany has not grown so much of this material in recent years, having depended upon imports from Eastern Europe, principally Russia. In 1924, 60 per cent of the flax Germany spun was grown at home, but in 1927 this percentage had been reduced to 33½.

German automobile manufacturers have answered an article in *Berliner Tageblatt* on 'The Legend of the Low Automobile Tariff in Germany' by asking for an increased customs duty to protect them from foreign competition. The low tariff on automobile parts, they say, permits foreign producers to assemble their automobiles in Germany and effectively compete with the home product.

The probability of a reduction in the German bank rate has caused considerable discussion in Berlin, where some observers feel that the Reichsbank should follow the course taken by France, Switzerland, Holland, and Sweden and cut its rediscount rate. A writer in *Vossische Zeitung* believes, however, that the close bonds between London and Berlin will determine the German policy.

Central Europe

Since the stabilization of the zloty, foreign capital has been steadily pouring into Poland. A Belgian company capitalized at 125 million francs has been organized to exploit the electric railways of Lodz. Dutch capitalists subscribed the 10-million-zloty capital-stock increase of the Szereszewski Bank, and the capital stock of Powszechny Bank Krajowy has been increased from 2 to 5 million zloty with the help of Austrian capital.

The floating of a 30-million-dollar loan by the City of Vienna leads the London *Economist* to comment as follows on the investment instincts of the Austrian public: 'It must be said that inquiry in Austria for investment securities bearing a fixed rate of interest is at present very weak. Capital accumulation is too slight to make good the losses suffered through acquiring shares and even stock bearing fixed interest. The mentality of the Austrian public is clearly intelligible in that it selects exclusively investments which are absolutely safe, so that the remnants of former fortunes may be retained. This is the explanation of the lack of enterprise in various branches of trade, for losses have been sustained on mercantile concerns, on banks, and on industries. Broad masses deposit the money in savings accounts at the banks, and for this reason the increase of deposits in Austria is not altogether a pleasing circumstance, for it is not the outcome of sound economy.'

Russian trade statistics for December show Germany ranking first in imports with 18 million rubles, the United States second with 16½ million, and Persia third with 4½. In exports, Great Britain ranks first with 18½, Germany second with 17½, and Persia third with 4½.

Italy

As a result, it is said, of Mussolini's financial policy, the Transatlantica Italiana, one of the strongest shipping concerns in Italy, has had to sell its two largest vessels to a group of Japanese shipowners. Petitions and deputations were sent to the Duce, urging him to prevent the sale of these boats abroad because of the unemployment that

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would inevitably follow, but he was so busy stabilizing the lira that he let the matter slip by.

A royal ban has been issued in Italy on commercial loans raised abroad, and in the future any such financial deals will have to be authorized and controlled by the Ministry of Finance. Such authorization is not necessary for ordinary discount operations, or for the opening of commercial credits for less than twelve months. Those who wish to negotiate longer-term loans will have to show that their borrowings will tend to improve the labor market and increase exports and production. The decree, which amounts to state control of foreign capital invested in Italy, naturally receives the ardent support of Fascist commentators.

The Greek Minister of Finance has concluded negotiations in London for a loan of 7½ million pounds, carrying interest at 6 per cent. This loan will be negotiated under the auspices of the League of Nations, and its proceeds will be employed mainly to stabilize the Grecian currency, though a portion of it will also be used for refugee purposes. It will be issued simultaneously in New York and London. It is interesting to recall that the American Government some time ago concluded arrangements whereby the United States lent Greece approximately half this sum, to be used for refugee work, but received a materially lower rate of interest.

European Finance comments as follows on the economic situation in Spain: 'The three salient features of Spain's present economic life are the establishing of the budgetary equilibrium, the possible approach of the moment when the currency will return to the gold standard, and the introduction of the oil monopoly. They are of paramount importance; yet of interest more to foreign economists than to the average Spaniard. The Government's reported action of celebrating the budgetary surplus by redeeming, on behalf of the pledgers, all lots of underclothing to the maximum pawned value of 25 pesetas lying at the pawnshops at the turn of the year is more likely to consolidate the Ministry's position with the electorate than would the great work of effecting the equilibrium of the Budget itself. The most important thing in life for the average Spaniard is to be a Spaniard; of the ordinary political sense characteristic of the other countries of Western Europe he has little. The generous gesture of the Spanish Government is truly Spanish, and is duly appreciated. It is possible in Spain to introduce the romantic element even into economics.'

Far East

The Peking Chamber of Commerce reports that nearly three hundred Chinese shops have been closed since Christmas, and that two more British firms have shut their local offices. One of the British firms alluded to is the Jardin, Matheson Company, Ltd., a firm of general merchants with branches all over China. The London representatives of this firm announced that the closing of the Peking branch would not greatly affect their business, most of which is done in Tientsin. Three years ago Armstrongs, Vickers, and Weetman Pearson withdrew their representatives from the Chinese capital.

Wholesale prices have fallen in Tokyo during the past year, and have reached the 1918 level. Rice fell off considerably as a result of the increased crop, whereas cotton yarn advanced, though not enough to check the falling tendency of other commodities. The present tendency of Japanese prices is to approach the American level, and last year they were

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estimated at 178.6 on the index number of 100 for American prices in 1914, compared to 147.6 in New York for the same period.

New Zealand trade figures for the first nine months of 1927 have only just reached us, and show an excess of exports over imports amounting to over 20 million dollars. Of the total exports in this period, British countries took 88 per cent, as compared with 87 per cent for the corresponding term in 1926, Great Britain's share being 77 per cent of the entire amount. The United States took 5.7, as compared with 8.9 the year before. Imports from the United States stand at 17.8 per cent, as compared with 19.5 in the previous year. New Zealand's imports from Great Britain represented 48.4 per cent of her total, as compared with 46.3 in 1926.

Latin America

Figures compiled in Buenos Aires by an Argentine expert indicate that too much foreign capital is being sent to that part of the world. The exporting of local produce is handicapped by high labor costs and by the constant increase in the cost of public administration. Although grain exports have helped the situation considerably, they are not in themselves enough to explain the return of the currency to a strictly gold basis. This result, according to Señor Tornquist, the expert in question, is due to the extensive borrowing operations in New York.

Although Brazil seems to have made progress on the road to currency stabilization, a body of skeptical opinion still expresses outspoken criticism. A recent editorial in *Wileman's Brazilian Review* contains the following passage: 'How does the Brazilian stabilization policy compare with that of Italy? The answer is not encouraging. While Italy has secured equilibrium of the Budget, and the adjustment of prices to wages and salaries, Brazil is neglecting these two vital points, which affect stabilization to a considerable degree. Judging by the manner in which the Brazilian Congress is bungling the estimates, the 1928 Budget is likely to show a not inconsiderable deficit, while no attempt has been made to adjust prices to new conditions. On the contrary, new taxation and other intemperate measures are certain to aggravate the cost of living. . . . The three great factors appertaining to stabilization — to wit, a favorable balance of payments, equilibrium of the Budget, and the retention of gold reserves — are lacking, and consequently the foundation necessary to support such fabric is deficient.'

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POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES

INTERNATIONAL HIGH SPOTS

AMERICA GOES VICTORIAN[1]

THE Americans seem to be better than we are at preaching naval disarmament, but we certainly excel them in the practice. It will be remembered that two out of the three cruisers which we were to lay down in the current financial year were dropped last November. The naval estimates for the coming year have not been published, but by this time they are probably as good as settled, and a forecast that bears signs of inspiration says that it is proposed to drop a third cruiser. We are supposed to be working to a five-year programme propounded in 1925, under which we were to build some sixteen cruisers. By the end of the next financial year — April 1929 — we shall, if the forecast be correct, not have laid down more than ten, so that we shall have reduced our armaments in new cruisers by at least twenty per cent, and the saving in cost will be at the very least six millions. For a nation that is always being accused of 'navalism' and is sometimes reproached with having come badly out of the last disarmament conference, that is a creditable record.

Contrast it with that of the Americans, who like to regard themselves as the heroes of that Conference and the protagonists of disarmament. The 'big navy' party has just won a remarkable victory, and a five-year programme of new construction is about to be launched which it is expected will sanction five new cruisers in each year, besides other craft. That is to say, the disarming Americans are about to build twice as many cruisers — and larger ones — as this imperialistically-minded old country. We do not complain. It may be — as has happened before — that these big American programmes will never really take the water. Whether they do or not, it would be foolish of us to start competitive building, and we are at all times prepared to discuss fresh projects of disarmament or such understandings on naval policy as would exclude any notion of rivalry between the two countries. But if America is to have naval superiority, need she also hurl the moral superiority of her preaching so contemptuously against our better practice?

There is a similar contrast between preaching and practice even in the blessed lands where, as President Coolidge has just told the world, the spirit of Columbus is supreme. This spirit, we gather from his speech at the Pan-American Conference at Havana, thrills to noble chords. One is as the cooing of peace doves; the other strikes the more intellectual but still moral notes of faith in self-government. It is unfortunate that the United States Government is the only government in the world which is now at war, or at any rate engaged in fighting. China is no exception, for she has no real government. It is doubly unfortunate that the fighting should be, not between Columbians and the heathen, but between two first cousins in the spirit of Columbus

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Baldwin Conservative weekly), *January* 21

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— to wit, between the United States and Nicaragua. Now we find it hard enough to understand the policy of Liberals nearer home, without wishing to commit ourselves to sympathy with the principles of Nicaraguan Liberalism. Still, the fact must be faced that, though Nicaraguan Liberals may not compare with our own in the plenitude of their party funds, they do seem to command the allegiance of two thirds of the population of Nicaragua, and it is an awkward fact for the champions of the self-determination which, according to President Coolidge, filled the sails of Columbus as he approached America.

The Liberals won the election of 1924 in Nicaragua and ejected the Diaz party, which previous American governments had supported, to the no small advantage, it is said, of American financiers. The American marines are now supporting Diaz in his usurpation of power, and, while we gather from Mr. Henry Stimson that the 'honor and prestige of the United States are involved in the recognition of Diaz,' he does not say how much American money is also involved. But what have honor, prestige, efficiency, and even money, to do with the matter if, as is said and generally believed in South America, they are in conflict with the Nicaraguan right of self-government? Why, if they had prevailed in Washington's days, the United States might still be a bright constellation of jewels in the British Crown! Or are these overriding rights to be construed rigorously and literally only in backward, cautious lands like Europe, but loosely and with more tenderness for high finance in the lands over which the spirit of Columbus broods? We must not be understood to be unsympathetic with the difficulties of the United States in her relations with less perfect republics than her own. We have had our difficulties with less perfect monarchies than our own in the East and elsewhere. Nor, we hasten to add, are we at all unsound on the Monroe Doctrine. That is a cross which we may be sure America bears as meekly as she may, and there is much to be said for the view that if America prevents other Powers from interfering in the political affairs of the American continent she must take some responsibility for the good conduct of less enlightened Columbians on her own shoulders.

We would admit that even the spirit of high finance and of economic progress may have its rights like the spirit of Columbus himself. We have suffered too much from these airy political generalizations coming from America to want to turn them against her. But again we would plead, since that be so, might we not be given a rest from these orations, which start from the assumption that there is something in the air of America that inoculates her against the maladies of Europe? There is a rodomontade of effete monarchies, and it helped to make the last European war. But even presidents, as well as Kaisers, can be guilty of rodomontade, and, if the truth be told, the stuff that overzealous secretaries make presidents talk affects South America much as the Kaiser's *Hochs* used to affect Europe. Shall we start with the assumption that, wide as the Atlantic is, it does not divide human nature, and that we are both — Europeans and Americans — human beings with much the same passions, problems, and dangers, and without any moral superiority one over the other? If we could, it would be very helpful.

The truth will out. It is that the United States, Government and people, are really old-fashioned mid-Victorians strayed into the twentieth century. The conception of domestic freedom in America of to-day, as in the

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England of Victoria, is negative and intolerant. The Radicals who have lost all their teeth by this time in Europe are still in America the same terrible fellows that they were when the old *Manchester Guardian* regarded Cobden as an extreme and dangerous man. The American ideas of international freedom are still corrupted by the same sense of moral superiority as led the English Victorians to wage the opium wars on China. The modern American is like the English Victorian, happy in a completely rounded and conclusive philosophy of the world. The Victorian Englishman was more certain about everything than the modern Georgian is about anything, and his American analogue is in the same happy state in relation to Europe and other backward institutions like Nicaragua. We do not grudge him the happiness of a mind made up and a pocket overflowing with gold. But we do dislike his airs of moral superiority.

A SOVIET SUICIDE'S SWAN SONG [2]

[LAST November, Adolf Joffe, former Soviet Ambassador to Vienna and Peking, committed suicide. He wrote the following letter to his friend Trotskii just before taking his life.]

MOSCOW, *November* 16, 1927

DEAR LEO DAVIDOVICH, —

All my life I have believed that it is as important for the politician to know when to leave the stage as it is for the actor, and that it is better for him to withdraw too soon than too late. When I was a young man and the suicide of Paul Lafargue and his wife Laura Marx aroused such lively discussion in the Socialist Party, I defended their action, and I remember how sharply my views on suicide were opposed by August Bebel. He argued that Lafargue's action might be condoned because he was a man of ripe years, but that he could not himself accept the principle of a public figure killing himself as soon as he felt that he was of no more use to the cause he was serving.

For more than thirty years I have stuck to the conviction that human life is valuable only so long as it serves an eternal purpose, which for us is the cause of humanity, and that any work devoted to any other purpose is meaningless, since such work is limited. And if humanity has a limit and an end, it will reach a point from which we can gain an eternal perspective of it. And a person like myself, who believes in progress, can easily imagine that even if the world came to an end humanity might find some way of accommodating itself to life on other planets and fulfill its purpose there. Thus, whatever tends toward human well-being to-day might bear fruit in later centuries and give our existence its one possible meaning.

Only here have I discovered any meaning in life itself, and when I look back over my own existence, twenty-seven years of which have been spent in the ranks of our Party, it seems to me that I have the right to say that during my whole career I have remained true to this conviction, and that the essence of my life has lain in working and fighting for the good of humanity.

Even the years I spent in prison, cut off from direct participation in the battle for and service of humanity, need not be regarded as useless, for they were years of spiritual preparation and self-development. They helped to fulfill work that would be accomplished later, and thus can be considered fruitful. In this sense, then, I am justified in stating that not a single day of my life has been valueless.

Now, however, I feel that the hour has come when my life has lost its mean-

[2] By Adolf Joffe, from *Prager Tagblatt* (Prague German-language daily), *January* 15

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ing, and I am therefore obliged to give it up and make an end of myself.

For a number of years the leaders of our Party, in pursuance of their usual methods, have refused to give any work to the members of the Communist Opposition, and they allotted to me no political task that was suited to my abilities. More recently I have been, as you know, entirely excluded from any kind of political work, because I am a member of the Opposition.

Furthermore, in the course of the last year, partly because of my sickness and partly for other reasons that you are more familiar with than I am, I have been unable to take an active part in the work of the Opposition. I have even been excluded from the one kind of activity that I always hoped to be able to avoid until I should have become a complete invalid — literary and pedagogic labors. Although at first the idea of such work repelled me, I was becoming more eager to take it up, and began to hope that my life might acquire the usefulness that I felt was necessary and that alone, to my mind, could justify my existence.

My health, however, went from bad to worse. On the twentieth of September the Medical Commission of the Central Committee requested me, for some unknown reason, to submit to an examination by specialists, who announced that both my lungs were affected by active tuberculosis, that my heart was weak, that I had a chronic inflammation of the gall bladder, kidneys, and appendix, and that I was suffering from a chronic nervous breakdown. They told me categorically that my health was much weaker than I had imagined, and that I could not think of going on with my course at the Moscow University and Oriental Institute. They added that I must not think of staying in Moscow a day longer, and that I should at once go abroad to receive proper treatment in some sanitarium. Since I could not undertake the proposed journey for two days, they wrote me out a special prescription and outlined a special treatment. But none of them came to see me after that.

Professor Davidenko and Dr. Lewin, whom I summoned, wrote prescriptions that did me no good whatever. They then declared that 'nothing could be done,' and that the trip abroad was absolutely necessary. Dr. Lewin told my wife that the affair would drag on a long time, because the Medical Commission knew that she would want to go abroad with me, which would be too expensive. When comrades who are not members of the Opposition get sick they are sent abroad with their family, and often with some competent physician. I know of many such cases, and the first time I myself was sick I was sent abroad with my wife and child and Professor Konabik. But the Party no longer treats me thus. My wife replied that, in view of my serious condition, she would not delay my departure by asking to accompany me or by asking for someone else to go along.

My condition grew much worse; I suffered grievously, and no remedy the doctors gave me mitigated my pain. Only to-day Dr. Lewin has once more said that the doctors here can do nothing and that my only salvation lies in an immediate trip abroad. This evening Comrade Potemkin, the doctor from the Central Committee, told my wife that the Central Committee's Medical Commission had decided not to send me abroad but to have me cured in Russia.

The explanation for this is that foreign specialists prescribe a long treatment, and that the Central Committee is only willing to spend a thousand dollars for my treatment, and not a penny more. As you know, I have given the Party a thousand dollars many

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times over in years gone by, and since the Revolution the Party has taken all my property, not leaving me enough to pay for my own cure. The last time I was sick I had the entire personnel of an ambassadorial staff at my service, but now that I have lost my rank I cannot lay claim to so much as a secretary. Moreover, on this last occasion I have been almost entirely ignored. For nine days I have lain virtually helpless, and the electric treatment Professor Davidenko recommended has not been applied. I have not even been able to count on such elementary assistance as being pushed about in a wheel chair.

Dear Leo Davidovich, for ten years we have worked together, and I hope we are bound together in personal friendship. This, I feel, gives me the right to tell you in my moment of farewell what seems to me your weakness.

I have never doubted the wisdom of your course, and you know that for twenty years I have always stuck by you — ever since the 'permanent revolution.' I have always felt, however, that you lacked Lenin's staunchness and stubbornness. You could not, in case of need, decide on taking the solitary course that the majority would eventually follow and would inevitably recognize as right. Ever since 1905 you have always been right politically, and I have often said — a fact that Lenin himself recognized — that in 1905 you were in the right, and not he. In the face of death one does not lie, and I repeat this again.

But you have often abandoned the wise course; you have chosen instead some compromise whose value you overestimated. That is a weakness. I repeat that theoretically you were always right, and that now you are more right than ever. Some day the Party will understand this, and history will recognize it.

Do not let yourself be misled by what many people will say about you, and do not be dismayed if not enough supporters rally to your standard. You are right, but your truth will only triumph if you follow an uncompromising path. This was Lenin's secret.

I have often said this to you before, and I repeat it again in this hour of farewell.

Two words more on personal matters. I leave behind me a wife, a sick daughter, and a little boy, who are ill equipped to lead an independent existence. I know that now you can do nothing for them, and that I cannot count on the present Party leaders at all. But I do not doubt that the day is not far distant when you will take the place that you deserve. When that day comes, do not forget my family.

I wish you the courage and energy that you have always shown, and a speedy victory. I greet you from my heart. Adieu.

Yours,

A. JOFFE

IN BEHALF OF TROTSKII[3]

THE Soviet Government did not reveal the deportation of Trotskii and the other members of the Communist Opposition until very late in the day. All Russia was kept in the dark until Trotskii had left Moscow, the idea being to avoid demonstrations at the scene of his departure. Meanwhile, however, the rest of the world knew just what was happening. Only Trotskii's closest personal friends realized that the leader of the Opposition was being sent into darkest Asia, and no more than fifteen hundred people were able to stage a demonstration against Stalin. To understand the whole procedure, one must be familiar with the activities of the Opposition during the

[3] From *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna Social-Democratic daily), *January* 20

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few weeks before Trotskii was exiled.

When Trotskii and his friends were excluded from the Bolshevist Party because their opinions were said to be irreconcilable with Party membership, all members of the Opposition not only were expelled from the Party, but they also lost their jobs, were unable to gain a livelihood, and were subject to arrest and exile. This resulted in a widespread defection among the Opposition. After the Party Conference had closed, *Pravda* published innumerable letters from former members of the Opposition, all of them expressing something like this: 'The speech of Comrade Stalin convinced me that the opinions of the Opposition, to which I had previously given my support, are erroneous. I recant, therefore, all these opinions, and break all my contacts with the Opposition, and urge my friends to do likewise.'

They were petty people, these Party and Soviet officials who thus denied their convictions to keep their jobs. The Catholic Church has used the same methods to prevail upon heretics to renounce their beliefs publicly.

Thus the leaders of the Opposition saw themselves robbed of a part of their previous following. In the slang of the day, their wind has been knocked out. They had to leave their quarters in the Kremlin and forgo the salaries which they had previously received as employees of the Soviet Government. As a result of these measures both Zinoviev and Kamenev capitulated. They announced that they were prepared to forswear their heresy. Their renunciation, however, was not accepted at once. The Party decided that they should be put on six months' probation, during which time it would be decided whether they were worthy of being taken back into the Party. Zinoviev submitted humbly, and at once began to sing Stalin's praises. This caused him to break completely with Trotskii, beside whom he had previously fought shoulder to shoulder. Surely this throws light on the character of a man who for a number of years had served as the dictator of the Communist International.

Although Trotskii and his few close friends were isolated, they stubbornly framed a kind of declaration to serve as a guide for their supporters in Russia and in other countries. The most significant passage reads: 'The task of the Opposition is to conquer the Communist Party. It is not concerned with building up a new party, but with gaining control of the present Party and freeing it from its petty-bourgeois opportunist leaders. Although the Soviet Republic is ruled at present by a group of petty bourgeois, the Opposition will not set up another party against them, since they are still the bulwark of revolution. The Thermidor has not yet taken place, but the Opposition is fighting to bring it about.

'The Opposition can only fulfill its task if it gets rid of traitors like Zinoviev and Kamenev. All Opposition groups abroad must break off all connections with these capitulators, and with anyone who tries to straddle the question. The hour of the Opposition will come, for as soon as the bourgeoisie grow stronger in Russia a swing to the Left is bound to follow.'

The final sentence is the one that annoys the supporters of Stalin most, for it proves that Trotskii still holds fast to his elementary theories and believes that Russia will have to wage war against the imperialist Powers, and that the petty-bourgeois element who are running the Soviet Union now will not be capable of making that war effective. The energetic Radical element, consisting of Trotskii and the Opposition, believes that in the course of hostilities it will come into power,

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just as in the French Revolution the pressure of war gave power to the Girondists and Jacobins.

While Trotskii's supporters were formulating this declaration, Stalin was holding himself in readiness to strike. The *Politbureau* decided to exile all known supporters of the Opposition from Moscow. The capitulators — Zinoviev, Kamenev, and their adherents — were sent to carry out work for the Party in various cities in European Russia, whereas Trotskii and his group, the counter-revolutionists, were shipped to a distant part of Asia. These proceedings were naturally accompanied by a malicious press-campaign. Trotskii described Stalin and Bukharin as petty-bourgeois opportunists, and *Pravda* replied that Trotskii and his ilk were nothing more or less than shabby Social Democrats, and were no more Bolsheviki than Ramsay MacDonald was.

Ten years have passed since the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed. Then Trotskii spoke for a revolutionary Russia to Hoffman and Czernin. When he raised his voice against bloody imperialism, and defended peace and the self-determination of peoples against the claims of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, the workers in Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin paused in their labors, the workers of Paris, London, and Milan gave ear, and the armies on all the fronts began to seethe. At that historic moment Trotskii spoke for the world proletariat. The same Trotskii is now exiled as a counter-revolutionist to distant Turkestan.

QUEEN ELIZABETH IN WAR TIME [4]

On August 1 diplomatic relations between Germany and Russia were definitely severed. That meant nothing less than war — all Europe was afire! For several days no one had harbored any illusions on the subject; but the fact that the terrible event was foreseen in no way lessened the emotion which it caused. At the Ministry the day went by in conferences, visits, planning. In short, it was harassing. I got home very late in the evening. A half-hour after my return an officer of ordnance appeared to command my presence at the Court. Upon reaching the Palace I was ushered into a room on the first floor, which Their Majesties, after having finished their dinner, soon entered. For almost an hour the three of us went over the situation — the possibilities of it, the dangers that threatened, how we might, by some almost miraculous chance, escape them. The Queen was greatly moved, but full of courage. She took an important part in the conversation. Her speech was soft, almost timid. Frequently her ideas were disclosed in the form of a question, each one of which threw light on the course we ought to follow. All her comment was sound, and indicated good judgment and that delicate tact which so often makes women better psychologists than men. France had already renewed her promise to respect the neutrality of Belgium. Germany, on the contrary, when questioned by England, maintained an enigmatic and disquieting silence. In order to end this uncertainty, the King decided to send at once an autograph letter to the Emperor. A draft of such a letter was prepared. I read and reread it. Each phrase, each word, was carefully weighed. Every change made in it was the subject of careful deliberation. When the letter was put in final shape the Queen advised that it be translated into German. She alone of us knew that language sufficiently well to make the translation. But there were, nevertheless, certain uncommon expressions

[4] By Baron van der Elst, from *Revue Belge*.

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in the letter, of the correct rendering of which in German she herself did not feel certain. She got up and went into the adjoining reem to fetch a dictionary. This she placed on a chair beside her. Then, with a charming grace, in her white gown, décolleté, she knelt without ceremony before the table, and, all alert, pen in hand, commenced her work; while the King, standing behind her and dominating her by his tall figure, followed the translation over her shoulder. Occasionally the Queen stopped, looked thoughtful, and, raising her head with animation, explained the reasons why she preferred this or that word. Now and then, with her bare arm she quietly brushed the King aside in order to examine the dictionary on the chair.

Here is a translation of that letter, after the text published by Karl Kautsky, when Assistant Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Berlin: —

'The war which threatens to break out between the two neighboring Powers gives me, as you will easily understand, grave concern.

'During the eighty years that Belgium has been independent, our country has conscientiously observed its international obligations — on more than one occasion under most trying circumstances. The Imperial Chancellor himself paid a striking tribute to the correct and impartial attitude we assumed in 1870.

'Your Majesty and your Government have given us at different times valued proofs of friendship and sympathy, and persons fully authorized to speak for you have assured us that in case of conflict the neutrality of Belgium would be respected.

'We quite understand the objections, from a political point of view, to the publication of that declaration; but we entertain no doubt that the sentiments and intentions entertained toward us by the powerful empire whose destiny Your Majesty directs have undergone no change.

'The blood relationship and the friendship which together have closely united our two families have led me to write to you and to beg you to be so good as to renew, at this critical moment, the expression of these sentiments toward my country. I shall be deeply grateful for such an act of good will.'

The night was well spent when I got back home. That intimate picture which I had had before me stood out in refreshing contrast to the events of those tragic hours; it revealed so clearly the intimacy and confidence which reigned in the royal household. That young queen, so energetic and yet so completely mistress of herself, had a soul so tempered that she was fitted to remain the heroic and inseparable companion of our brave sovereign in the midst of danger throughout the war.

Some time later, before going to Madrid, where I had been named Minister, I went to La Panne to pay my respects to our sovereigns. I had a long and cordial talk with the King in the villa by the sea. On leaving me he said: 'The Queen will receive you this afternoon in the house which is now her home near here in the Moëres. We must abandon this villa, because the English have taken over this sector.'

Toward three o'clock I started for the audience of the Queen. The instructions given to my chauffeur were vague. Before us spread the sad, monotonous landscape of maritime Flanders — an immense swampy plain, cut by ditches fringed with black and twisted willows. Here and there, widely separated like oases in the desert, were groups of trees surrounding invisible farm buildings. Not an animal was in the fields; not a soul passed along the

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road! The only living things were the sea gulls, which, buffeted by the wind, flew now close along the ground, and anon, with beating wings, disappeared on high. After missing our way many times, we met an old woman leading a goat. With the end of her staff she pointed out to me a group of trees in the flat expanse of country exactly like all the others and said, 'There it is!' We now entered upon a dirt road thrown up from the ditches between the fields. At the end of it a screen of high poplars, bent before the storm, sheltered a scraggly orchard. Behind this, hidden in the green, suddenly appeared a small white farmhouse.

It was indeed a modest dwelling. The entrance was through a grilled gate. The stables in the courtyard were being painted. In the middle of a spot where chickens had previously scratched in the manure a bed of flowers had been hastily improvised. The house was at the back — one story, four or five windows, and a tiny door.

A soldier patrolled the courtyard. He asked my name, and I was introduced immediately to a small antechamber near the entrance, where an officer awaited me. He went at once to notify the Queen — for at that moment not a single lady in waiting shared the solitude of our sovereign.

At the opposite side of the small hall was the parlor. The room was low and dark. A carpet covered the earth floor. The windows were draped with very simple curtains. The only note of elegance in that rustic interior was added by the gilded armchairs covered with tapestry. Far from lessening the impression of sadness of the scene, they actually heightened it.

The Queen was there. A toque placed gracefully on her head, a blue golf cape, and a short white gown constituted her attire. She gave me her hand. Then, seating herself in an armchair, she pointed to another by her side. Her voice was very low. In speaking, she sometimes displayed a shade of timidity which added a truly exquisite charm to her womanly grace. Under her gaze, so loyal and so clear, — a true mirror of her profound thoughts, — I felt a powerful emotion of pity surging over me and sympathy taking entire possession of my being. Many a time, in her own Palace, I had admired our young sovereign amid the brilliancy of Court functions. But it was in this desolate little cottage, and in these simple habiliments, that I felt more strongly than ever the queenliness of her presence.

There came to mind certain memories of her happy past. I had met her for the first time at lunch with King Leopold II, when she was on her honeymoon in the Riviera. I was likewise at the port of Pallice, France, when Prince Albert came back from his long voyage to the Congo. We spoke together long of the war, of the tragic days in the beginning which already seemed so far away. She mentioned also her family, above all her mother.

On taking leave I was greatly moved. Suddenly the Queen had one of those delicate inspirations of which she alone holds the secret. 'When you go back,' she said, 'you and your wife will often be anxious about your boys who are fighting here. But rest assured they will not be neglected. I shall personally watch over them. I shall keep in touch with them. I shall go to see them. If one of them is wounded, I shall care for him.'

LAST WORDS WITH IBÁÑEZ[5]

BLASCO IBÁÑEZ is in Paris again. The most famous Spanish novelist, and perhaps the most highly paid writer in

[5] By Paul Winkler, from *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna National Liberal daily), *January* 15

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the world, no longer lives in the picturesque little *Hôtel des Grands Hommes* on the Place du Panthéon, as he did when he first visited the capital on the Seine as a youthful political upstart. But even in his splendid quarters in the Champs Élysées he remains the same simple man, full of young-hearted idealism and creative joy.

He tells us about this next novel, — a tremendous trilogy about the discovery of America, — and we observe how he takes fire at his own artistic plans. We also mark the incessant twitching of his impressive Moorish frame, as if the past were demanding its due — the past of which Blasco Ibáñez devoted only a portion to his art. The rest of his time, perhaps most of his time, belonged to action, enterprise, and adventure. At various periods of his career Blasco Ibáñez was an orator, a founder of South American colonies, a business man, a Spanish delegate, a journalist, and a political agitator in behalf of Spanish republicanism.

An English translation of his novel about Columbus will be published in America before it appears in Spain or in any other part of Europe. Various ties bind the author particularly closely to the United States, and he cherishes delightful memories of his North American travels.

'The United States is often slandered in Europe,' he said, 'and people all too easily forget what America has already done and is still doing for the simplification and enlightenment of humanity. Moreover, the United States is a republic. It should serve to the rest of the world as an example of the kind of republican development that I have always believed in, and for which I have always fought, both at home and abroad. In South America, where the numerous boundaries prevent far-reaching development, the situation is much more complicated at the moment. Nevertheless, Ibero-America is entirely composed of republics, and in that respect these states are all ahead of the mother country, Spain.'

'Do you believe that a greater future awaits the Pan-American idea than awaits the Pan-Latin idea of which we have heard so much lately?' I asked.

'I gladly leave prophecy to the Catholic Church, for I know nothing about the future. That fact, however, does not prevent me from expressing and following my own opinions. I am and always was a republican, and I believe that a reactionary, monarchical Spain cannot have a good influence on the free Spanish-American republics, and cannot lead them. If we once set up a republic in Spain, then it will be much easier to coöperate with South America.

'At bottom it makes little difference to me whether the English or the Spanish language will enjoy a greater future. I believe in a world language, but I have no idea when it will be developed, and cannot decide from what modern tongue it may be born. In a way, however, a world language already exists, a universal medium of exchange that is understood by all the people in the world. I refer to the moving picture.

'This reminds me of an incident in my travels in Japan. Since a number of my books have been translated into Japanese, I asked when I arrived, "Do many people read my books here? Do they circulate widely?" "Among the intellectuals, yes," was the answer I received. "How about the common people?" I asked. My Japanese friend laughed and said nothing. I then went out walking, and among the exotic crowd felt myself very far away from all European civilization. Suddenly I saw in the distance a big picture of a bull-fight. Coming nearer, I noticed there was a picture of Rudolph Valentino,

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and another of myself. It was a movie palace showing "Blood and Sand" — a film based on my novel. I must confess this was a great experience.'

'Are you always pleased at the way your books are filmed? Are n't you disturbed when your ideas are misinterpreted and unfulfilled on the screen?'

'One must be satisfied with what is possible. Something is always better than nothing. I believe that there is only one possible course — to see to it that as few mistakes as possible occur. Perfection is a Utopia, and for that reason I am a friend of the moving picture and have faith in it. We must not be overanxious, but must always remember that we are witnessing the beginning of a wonderful development. Human history runs back four or five thousand years, and man as such has a past of about fifteen thousand years. On the other hand, we can assume that humanity has a future of perhaps three hundred thousand years ahead of it. I have said before that I am not going in for prophecy. By this I meant that I have no idea when all the monarchs in the world will disappear. I am only convinced of the fact that sooner or later the day will come.'

'How did you acquire this republican conviction?'

'I have been a republican ever since my childhood. In Spain the intellectuals have always been republicans, and have remained sworn enemies of the two great factors — clericalism and militarism. A great many people do not know that Spain was a republic in 1873–1874. I have never made any secret of my republican convictions, and in my youth I was often persecuted and imprisoned for them. Recently eighty royal processes have been launched against me in eighty different places on account of the book that I wrote attacking Alfonso XIII.

'On what is my republic based? Two poles dominate human life — order and freedom. Modern society is composed of perhaps eighty per cent order and twenty per cent freedom. The ideal situation would be to reverse the figures. The republic is a step in this direction. I am a member of various learned societies, and have always observed that the president and secretary of these societies have almost no influence on the mass of the members. Opportunities arise of their own accord and at their own time, thanks to the influence of all the members. You may say that this is possible only among educated men, and that the people are not yet sufficiently developed to live in such a state of freedom. Granted; and I should be the last to desire too complete a revolution. Nevertheless, I still believe in the future of republicanism.'

'You are known as a great friend of the French people, and you have also mentioned your affection for the United States. Is this perhaps the result of your republican opinions?'

'Certainly; for at bottom all nations are equal in my eyes; and I esteem the French nation because it made the French Revolution. With the France of Louis XIV I have nothing in common, and the Encyclopædists first stirred my sympathy for that country. The United States represents the supreme example of the big modern republic. During the war I opposed the Central Powers with all my strength, for William II represented the imperial idea and seemed to me a new edition of our own Spanish monarch Charles V. I wrote the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* in this spirit.

'I watched the birth and development of the German Republic with the greatest sympathy, and am now convinced that in the next twenty years it will become a typical modern nation. Like the United States, it is a carefully

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constructed republic, and I am a believer in the federative republican principle that both nations exemplify. The highly developed civic sense of the Germans will be of the greatest value in their political future. I have always asserted that Germany would become a big and powerful republic, and I foresee it playing a part of the greatest importance in the future development of Europe.

'In recent years I have often explained to German journalists who asked me about my attitude toward Germany during the war that my remarks on the subject have never been accurately translated. It has been said, "Blasco Ibáñez loves the German people." This is merely an empty phrase. Nobody loves one people and hates another. I love the German Republic as I love all republics, even the smallest, and I hated the German monarchy as I also hate the monarchy in my own country. In my garden at Menton you can see a bronze bust of Goethe, and my rooms are full of mementos of Beethoven and Victor Hugo, to whose spirits I feel most closely akin. All three were republicans in the widest sense of the word.'

THE YEAR'S ELECTION PROSPECTS [6]

THREE years have passed since M. Aristide Briand had his first interview with Chancellor Luther at Locarno and declared, 'We talked European.' Although the idea is not new, and has been eloquently expressed by Victor Hugo, the phrase caught on because it expresses a profound aspiration of the inhabitants of this old continent, who are worn out with so many catastrophes.

Among the numerous French associations for peace, four important ones are devoted to creating firm bonds between France and Germany primarily, and between all the other countries of Europe afterward. These include the Franco-German Committee at Luxemburg, Count Coudenhove's Pan-European movement, M. Borel's Committee of European Coöperation, and the European Customs Union of M. Le Trocquer. There are many similar organizations in Germany, too, but they have lately been syndicated into one cartel for a general European rapprochement.

Three German ministers have recently visited Paris and expounded similar ideas. There was first Herr von Raumer, then Herr Koch, and, last of all, the head of the ministry to which both these men belonged — ex-Chancellor Wirth himself. Herr Wirth's visit to Paris was sensational from more than one point of view. Not only was he able to talk with the President of the French Chamber and with five active French ministers, but he was given a long reception by M. Briand, then by the President of the Republic, and finally by M. Poincaré, the Prime Minister.

Herr Wirth comes from the grand duchy of Baden — a thoroughly German district, but one that has always made great efforts to understand French culture. He himself is completely familiar with Paris, and lived here a long time before he ever went to Berlin. He is, therefore, better qualified than most of his compatriots to understand what a Franco-German entente may mean for the rehabilitation of Europe. Ever since he was Imperial Chancellor in the critical period that we all remember so well, Herr Wirth has traveled extensively, and has studied in particular Soviet Russia and the United States, the two extremes of the modern world. I have had an opportunity to talk with him at length.

[6] By Jules Sauerwein, in *Le Matin* (Paris boulevard daily), *January* 22

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'We are,' he told me, 'in the midst of a highly important period in the evolution of our Western civilization. To use a German word, I should say that we are on the eve of *Weltwahlen* — world elections. This year the four leading countries will consult their people. These elections will transcend mere national interests. Depending on what party wins the day in France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, humanity will be impelled in one direction or another. Not only will interior problems be influenced by the results of these elections, but the relations between nations will be involved.

'I look with sympathy upon such a manifestation as the Pan-Europa movement, but it would be imprudent to want to speed it up too fast. In our work we must guard against trying to centralize everything to excess. In the spiritual and economic fields certain freedom of development must be left open, not only to nations, but even to different regions in each nation. Look at what has happened in Germany. Certain elements are endeavoring to organize Germany politically into the most highly centralized groups, but at the same time we realize that it is necessary to leave the greatest possible amount of intellectual autonomy to the different provincial centres of the different German states. In the same way, a European movement ought to be on guard against doing anything that may alter the traditional form and the profound soul of each nation.

'By avoiding such restraints it will be all the easier for us to rally public opinion to the idea of solidarity. Wherever you travel in Europe each person speaks of his nation as a sovereign entity that no one must touch. When you travel in America you do not hear the words "our country" so much as the words "our continent." The truth lies somewhere between these two extremes.

'Never has the atmosphere in Germany been more favorable to a peaceful rapprochement. Intellectuals, industrialists, and business men have gone forward, and in the long run they will attain, as they deserve to attain, political power. German artists and writers have been admirably received in Paris. The same has been true when your artists and writers have visited Germany. In every branch of production huge cartels are being organized, and are surmounting technical difficulties one after the other. These are the happiest symptoms.

'In Germany, and especially in our southwest provinces, where your French democracy has exercised such a potent influence, we try to see France in its pacific aspect and not only in its nationalist guise. At the same time, I wish that people would not always conceive of Germany as wearing a spiked helmet, though I do have the impression, after the conversations that I have enjoyed in Paris with the leading geniuses of your country, that this point of view is being modified. In my own opinion a rapprochement of our two countries ought to mark the beginning of a healthy process of European reconstruction. Without it nothing is possible; with it the road is open, and it will not be difficult to rally both countries to our support.

'The great thing is that on all sides, and among the young people in particular, the idea is spreading that war is a hideous affair that has outlived its day, and that people can only hope for prosperity by employing pacific methods. May the elections of 1928 clear the way for a unification of Europe that will still respect individual, regional, and national traditions. Otherwise the future will be replete with serious danger.'

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EIGHT YEARS OF THE LEAGUE[1]

BY LORD ROBERT CECIL

[JANUARY 10 was the eighth birthday of the League. Lord Cecil's retrospect is interesting, and his forecast must excite attention, though the *Spectator* does not wholly share his views. We trust that the findings of the *rapporteur* of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament on guaranties of security will obtain the widest publicity. — EDITOR, *Spectator*]

EIGHT years ago the Council of the League of Nations met for the first time at Paris. Important personalities gathered round the table, but it is safe to say that very few of them believed in the importance or even the continued existence of the League. Indeed, it was the fashion at that time — particularly in the United States — to prophesy its immediate decease. Scarcely half a year passed without some triumphant declaration that the League was dying or dead. Nevertheless it has not only survived, it has done an immense amount of international work which, by the admission of everyone, has been of great value. Mistakes have no doubt been made in its name. That is inevitable.

But its chief danger is not that sometimes it will act wrongly, but that it may allow itself to be immobilized by the Chancelleries of Europe. For every human institution must either grow or decay; it can never stand still. The activities which were sufficient to deal with the difficulties of yesterday must expand if they are also to solve the problems of to-morrow.

So far the League has scarcely tackled its most momentous tasks. It has improved international intercourse, it has struck some effective blows at grave social evils, it has rescued some hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children from captivity or starvation, it has done something to restore the economic situation in Europe, it has succored states floundering in a financial morass, it has procured the settlement of a certain number of international disputes, and, in one or two cases, has prevented what seemed to be imminent hostilities. These are no mean achievements, but they come very far short of the object for which the League was brought into existence. For the chief end of the League is to destroy war. Unless and until that is accomplished its other work must be of relatively slight importance.

Now war is one of the oldest human institutions. To put an end to it means the reversal of a mass of understandings and assumptions, the destruction of a number of moral and intellectual — not to speak of material — vested interests. It has behind it a literature of its own. Poets and philosophers, novelists and historians, have combined to sing its praises, partly because it was the sport of kings, partly because of the heroism of those who have taken part in it, and partly because in the absence of some other means of obtaining international justice a state had no resource but war to secure its honor and exist-

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative weekly), *January* 14

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ence against the fraud and violence of its neighbors. Even so, and making all allowance for the splendid qualities it has called forth, it may well be doubted whether any other single cause has inflicted on the human race one tenth of the suffering which has accrued to it from war, with its accompaniments of dishonesty, lust, and cruelty.

The task of the League, then, is to destroy war — a task of enormous difficulty. It certainly cannot be accomplished at a single stroke or in a few years. It will need all our energies, all our courage, and all our faith. The first step is to get rid of the notion that it is lawful for one nation to make war on another at its own will and pleasure. That step has been taken so far as all members of the League of Nations are concerned. It is implied in the Covenant, and has been definitely expressed more than once in resolutions of the Assembly to the effect that 'aggressive war is an international crime.' Those resolutions only bind members of the League. If President Coolidge's proposal that war as an 'instrument of national policy' should be removed is to be construed as in substance a proposal to extend to the United States a proposition of international morality already accepted by the members of the League, it is much to be welcomed. But mere renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy will be by itself of little effect.

It is impossible to condemn wars really undertaken in self-defense. Nations cannot be expected to agree to submit to invasion. Yet the difficulties of defining aggressive war are great. In the late war every government professed to be fighting in self-defense. To prevent war, the same steps must be taken by nations — in some rudimentary form at least — as were long ago taken in the case of civilized individuals. Private violence must be forbidden even to redress wrongs, courts where justice can be obtained and violence condemned must be established to protect the law-abiding, and there must be brought into existence something like an international police force, or, if that be impracticable, an international *posse comitatus* — that institution by which our ancient Constitution laid upon all good citizens the duty to assist the sheriff in suppressing any breach of the peace.

Above all, weapons of violence, armaments, in the hands of nations, must be reduced and limited to those necessary for self-defense and the enforcement of international obligations. A scheme with this purpose is now being elaborated by the so-called Preparatory Commission of the League, and a perusal of the verbatim report of its last Session at Geneva is in many respects encouraging. It is the record of a businesslike body — a body which cordially endorsed Lord Cushendun's well-timed appeal for definite action. Partly in consequence of that appeal, three *rapporteurs* have been appointed to prepare proposals for arbitration, guaranties of security, and the explanation or precision of the Covenant. That is all to the good. But there is one danger against which it is of the utmost importance that the Government should be prepared. There are not wanting those who believe that the whole of these proceedings with regard to security and arbitration are designed only to evade actual limitation of armaments. Critics of this school think that the idea is to bring forward some suggested scheme of security which is not acceptable to all the Powers concerned. When it fails, it will then be said that disarmament is impossible without security, and since security is refused disarmament must also be dropped. We may confidently believe that our Government would not countenance

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any such manœuvre for a moment. But it must take great care not even to appear to connive at it. Lord Cushendun has asked, very properly, for a definite scheme of security. When it appears he must not be instructed to turn it down lock, stock, and barrel. That is what the British Government did in the case of the Treaty of Mutual Assistance. It did it again in the case of the Protocol. In both cases a proposal for which the British Representative was largely responsible was summarily rejected by the Home Government. If it happens a third time, in the case of these new proposals when they are made, it will be at least plausible to fasten on the British Government the responsibility for stopping international disarmament. That would in itself be serious enough, for our national prestige depends at least as much upon character as upon strength. But apart from the effect such an event would have on our national position, its direct consequence must be of the utmost gravity.

We and other Powers are under perfectly plain and explicit obligations to our late enemies, and especially to the Germans, to proceed with a general reduction and limitation of armaments. It was on the faith of these promises that the Germans, as they allege, agreed to their own disarmament. Whether or not the two obligations are verbally dependent on one another, it is obvious that it will be impossible to insist on the maintenance of German disarmament except in return for a general and serious step in that direction by the other great European Powers. Count Bernstorff has recently pointed this out at Geneva, and no one has traversed his contention. It is clear, therefore, that if the present policy at Geneva fails the Germans will claim to rearm. That means the end of international disarmament, and almost certainly the abrogation of those advances toward European good will so laboriously achieved at Locarno and elsewhere. It would be indeed a terrible responsibility for us if it could be said with any truth that our action had contributed to such an overwhelming disaster.

ALL ABOUT THE ARGENTINE [1]

BY DR. MAX JORDAN

To reach Buenos Aires from Santiago I had the choice of three routes — the Transandine Railway, which directly connects the two capitals by a thirty-five-hour journey; the trip through Southern Chile along the coast and across to Bahia Blanca, and from there to the Plata, a journey that requires six days; or the eleven-day sea voyage through the Straits of Magellan. Since my time was limited, I chose the shortest route.

When our train entered Los Andes, the Chilean point of departure for the trans-Andean route, we were informed that a snowstorm had blocked our passage through the highest mountains, and that we should therefore have to

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *January* 6, 13

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climb out. Our conductor, however, assured us that the Prince of Wales did exactly the same thing — a piece of cold comfort, for there was no heat at all in the little station, and we received the cheerful news that the storm might last two, three, or four days. The railway employees could not allow the train to leave until the track was entirely free of snow, and one of them went so far as to describe the dangers and difficulties that might beset us. A nice prospect, we thought; but nothing could be done about it.

Meanwhile rain was falling in the valley about us, and we began to settle down and make ourselves at home. Trains came through here twice a week. If we were lucky we might reach the border next week.

The Grand Hotel boasted only one heating apparatus — the kitchen stove. When we went to take our *almuerzo* in the dining-room, we found that all the guests had come to the table in overcoats; but the wine was splendid, and warmed us up. Eight years ago, when the through track had not yet been opened, and when avalanches of snow were not handled so efficiently as they are to-day, traffic often had to be suspended for a week, and only the most daring travelers would continue their dangerous journey, riding on mules through ice and snow at a height of twelve thousand feet through the lofty Uspallala Pass; but such measures were out of the question to-day. Black clouds hung in the heavens above us, and we passed a gloomy afternoon, whose monotony was only broken by consulting the barometer and listening to the presumptuous utterances of amateur weather prophets. In the end, however, the optimists were right, for toward evening the clouds dispersed, the heavens grew clear, and the white peaks of the Andes emerged at last. The next morning our locomotive was under way again, and all our cares were forgotten.

It may seem astonishing that the journey from Los Andes to Mendoza, which is only a hundred kilometres as a crow flies, should take seventeen hours. The distance is less than the trip through the St. Gotthard Pass between Lucerne and Arona, but the grade is so much steeper that the train actually has to travel a distance of no less than twelve hundred kilometres. Two short branch lines, one running north and the other south, have been opened up especially for freight traffic, but the passenger route to Buenos Aires takes the central track across the Andes, which is much the steepest route.

Airplanes have twice flown over the Andes, but it is doubtful whether a regular air service can be established, because of the intense cold over the mountains and the lack of safe landing places. Even the railway has to reckon with many unusual difficulties that make the cost of operation extremely high. The trip from Santiago or Valparaiso to Buenos Aires costs almost as much as a steamer passage from one of the South American ports to Europe, and serious political consequences have resulted. The Argentine is in much closer touch with the European continent than its neighbor, Chile, and, although the Argentine boundary is only seven hours from Santiago, the man in the street in Chile looks upon the wide Pampa beyond the Andes as a distant foreign country. Long ago the governments of the two nations tried to bring about closer coöperation. There was talk of a customs union, directed against the United States in particular; and cultural exchanges were also planned. But the Andes remained, a psychological as well as a palpable barrier. The situation is analogous to that of Germany and Italy, and it

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illustrates the influence of geography on politics.

The narrow-gauge cogwheel track climbs out of the green valley up to the Pass, following the course of the Aconcagua River. From the train window we can see the *camino de los Andes* wending its way among the lofty peaks. In older times this was the only route through the mountains, and it was over this narrow path that General José de San Martín, the Hannibal of the Andes, marched his army to the decisive battle of Chacabuco in 1817 that freed Chile from the Spanish yoke. Military writers rank this achievement with Hannibal's and Napoleon's march over the Alps, but when one reflects that the pass of Little St. Bernard that Hannibal used and the pass of Great St. Bernard that Napoleon used are only half as high as the Uspallala Pass that San Martín had to negotiate, one is inclined to rate his performance even higher. Moreover, San Martín was fighting for right and freedom, whereas Hannibal and Napoleon were waging wars of conquest, and were not seeking such impersonal ends as was the great Argentine leader, whose achievement is one of the greatest in the history of democracy.

More historical memories assail us as our journey continues, but presently the landscape about us changes and distracts our thoughts. Rocks and stones have replaced the vegetation, and now we encounter deep snow from the day before. A number of weather-steeled rotary ploughs have been clearing the tracks, which would have been blocked for days had they not been roofed over at certain critical points.

After we pass Rio Blanco the grade becomes steeper, and we climb twenty-five hundred metres for every fifty kilometres that we go. We make a brief pause at Juncal, where travelers used to spend the night, setting forth in the gray of the early morning for the journey over the Pass. Here, too, we get our first full view of the majestic, eternal glacier. It is quite different from the Alps, for the lofty immensity of these gigantic mountains overwhelms you, and the contrast between the snow-capped peaks and green forests such as you see in Switzerland is lacking here. Rocky peaks are massed about us, their gray chill only slightly mitigated by their white covering of snow. We vainly scour the sky for the condors that used to abound here, and whose hunger often made them dangerous even to human beings.

In front of the train a hissing steam snowplough clears the way. Our locomotive follows slowly along the cogwheel track, and on either side rise the banks of freshly fallen snow, pushed out into two even walls. We approach the 'Inca sea' — usually a mirror of turquoise blue, but to-day covered with a thick layer of ice. From the cloudless heaven pours a flood of sunlight that pains your eyes if you look too long at the glittering expanses of snow.

The final stages of our climb are made in wide, sweeping circles through tunnel after tunnel. Eventually this railway is to be electrified, and the unpleasant smoke will be eliminated. At Caracoles the Argentine officials board the train, and we are about to start downhill through a tunnel ten thousand feet above the sea. One last look behind us, a farewell to the mountains of Chile clothed in spotless white, and we disappear into the tunnel, crossing the border halfway through.

The St. Gotthard, the Simplon, and the Mont Cenis tunnels are longer than this one, which measures almost four kilometres, but the technical achievement here is more extraordinary because the top of the peak through which it passes is twelve thousand feet high and far from any human habitation.

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Brilliant daylight greets us when we emerge, and we find ourselves on Argentine soil. In the border station of Las Cuevas the passport and customs officials enter the train. The highest point of the journey has been passed, and the descent into the valley begins. The character of the countryside undergoes a noticeable change, as if Nature herself took account of the political boundaries. The valley widens, the rocks retreat, and yellowish-brown earth appears. Soon the glacier drops out of sight, and we only get one more glimpse, after passing Las Cuevas, of the highest peak on the continent, Aconcagua, whose height is 22,812 feet. It is not a clear day, and both peaks of Aconcagua are veiled in a heavy cloud. Nor is its mighty neighbor, the volcano Tupungato, to be seen. The first man to climb Aconcagua was Mattias Zurbriggen, a Swiss guide, who accomplished this difficult feat alone in 1897, after numerous other Alpinists had failed.

During the early years of their independence the young states of Latin America were so absorbed with the political work in hand that they did not pay much attention to establishing definite boundaries, and the Argentine and Chile were the first to realize the necessity of some adequate recognition of these frontiers. During the nineteenth century these two nations found themselves constantly disputing the ownership of Patagonia, and public opinion in both countries became vehemently aroused. Military preparations began, and there was serious danger of war. But the influence of the Catholic Church succeeded in putting a new twist to the situation. The bishops of Argentina and Chile undertook a systematic campaign for the preservation of peace. All the churches tried to convince the people of the futility of armed conflict, and demonstrated what disastrous consequences would follow. The response was tremendous, and the two governments were moved to summon King Edward of England to arbitrate the boundary dispute. His decision was accepted in both capitals without further argument.

From Puente del Inca to Mendoza is a journey of six and one-half hours, through the valley of the Mendoza River. Gradually the mountain landscape changes into desert country. Romantic formations of sandstone and lava shimmer in many colors, from brick red to yellowish blue, and one feels that the railway is crossing the gigantic crater of an extinct volcano. This stretch of country is an inexhaustible source of interest to seismologists. A French scholar who came here shortly before the earthquake of 1861, which laid the town of Mendoza in ruins and annihilated twelve thousand people, prophesied the imminence of this danger. The town, however, was promptly rebuilt. By evening we reached this great wine centre of Western Argentina.

Mendoza is one of the oldest cities of the country, having been founded by the Spaniards in 1560. As time went on it became obvious that the climate was highly favorable for the manufacture of wine, and in the course of the last ten years this industry has developed so rapidly that to-day the province is renowned throughout the whole nation and has made the Argentine one of the greatest wine-producing countries in the world. Mendoza boasts thousands of wine cellars, or *bodegas* as they are called — enormous buildings of oak and concrete that even put Heidelberg in the shade. Many Italian immigrants have made their fortunes here.

The last nine hundred kilometres to Buenos Aires are a monotonous journey of twenty hours across the endless

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Pampa, which is the most extensive stretch of flat country in the world. The railway runs across the continent straight as an arrow, its course unbroken by a single curve. It is obvious that Argentina can be developed much quicker and more fruitfully than the other countries of South America, for its railway system, which already measures forty thousand kilometres, can be extended without the least hindrance. The rails can be laid in a straight line, and the arid fields are easily irrigated. But the Pampa countryside has no charm — it is like the North American prairie. In the southwest, which sunburned cow herders call the 'Pampero,' yellow, dusty grass grows, with only an occasional solitary tree.

As we approach the capital the haciendas increase in size and number. They stand on either side of the track, surrounded by a wide circle of little houses. The yellow pastures gradually disappear and are succeeded by a green, fertile farming country. This is one of the world's great granaries. At harvest time the wheat stands as high as a man, and there is any amount of fodder for the cattle, which, next to grain, is the largest Argentinian export. The only dangers that a farmer has to fear are the drought that comes during the heat of the summer and the plagues of crickets that periodically invade him from Gran Chaco to the north. Gauchos clad in bright-colored ponchos and wearing high boots loll about the station platforms. Argentina has room for everybody.

The sun is setting, and in the evening glow we can see the shimmering housetops of the metropolis on the Plata. Our express train roars through the suburban stations. We have reached our journey's end, and Europe is near at hand.

The inhabitants of Buenos Aires are proud of their city, and because to them Paris represents European culture they compare the Avenida del Mayo with the Rue de la Paix, the Palermo Park with the Bois de Bologne, and their cathedral with the Madeleine. The comparison is justified. Nevertheless, Buenos Aires also resembles Berlin, London, and Milan, for it is European, a cosmopolitan capital with a cosmopolitan population, and is in its own right the metropolis of an entire continent.

Herr Dr. Alemann, the correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* in Argentina, and the editor-in-chief of the *Argentinische Tageblatt*, the only German newspaper in South America that has remained consistently true to the Republic, showed me the ropes. He modestly describes himself as a literary merchant, in which capacity he has made friends with all the North American journalists.

After looking at the view, which seemed to me slight enough, we took breakfast. My colleague Alemann ordered the Argentine national dish of *puchero*, which was a sight for sore eyes. An enormous plate laden with enough food to feed a family of ten — a mixture of vegetables, sausage, ham, and pickles, similar to an Irish stew — was served to us, and it was food for the gods. After this came a *yerba maté*, the Argentine national drink. This consisted of a dried hollowed-out pumpkin full of aromatic tea that one sucked through a small silver tube as one sucks lemonade through a straw. It is a sign of particular hospitality when the Argentine host offers his visitor some maté.

Apart from this delightful custom, Buenos Aires is thoroughly European. Recently American influence has made itself felt in the form of imposing skyscrapers that violate the previous architectural tradition. Buenos Aires,

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like Rio de Janeiro and Santiago, is the centre of a nation, and contains all the wealth that the Pampa has produced. A country with ten million inhabitants has developed a capital numbering nearly a quarter of its entire population. The *porteños*, as the inhabitants of Buenos Aires call themselves, take every opportunity to fleece the provincial country people, or *campos*.

The heart of the nation throbs in the port of Buenos Aires, where the pulse of the whole country's life can be felt. A trip through the great warehouses for wool and corn, and the great refrigerating centres for meat, gives a vivid idea of the importance of Argentina's agricultural export trade. The port of Buenos Aires is the focal point of the enormous hinterland, whose far-reaching railway system, the most extensive on the continent, converges on the capital. It was a masterly stroke to build these great docks on the banks of the Rio-Mar, the river-sea, as the Plata is called.

The Parana and the Uruguay rivers, which flow into this broad stream not far to the north, widen out to a breadth of thirty-one miles, and the delta is choked with yellow mud that has to be continually dredged into a channel deep enough for ocean-going steamers. From the harbor front the Plata looks like the open sea, but we are still six hours' journey from the Atlantic, and from the centre of the town the water cannot be seen at all.

Behind the Casa Rosada, the rose-colored presidential palace near the monument to Columbus, we get our first view of ships' masts and perceive the busy cranes and warehouses. A question that has long vexed Argentine economists is whether the exclusive concentration upon agricultural exports will benefit the country's economic life in the long run. To develop native industry seemed much too difficult a task, and the domestic market is not really ripe for the ambitious plans that have been mooted in debate. Argentina has done nothing to assure herself a coal supply or to develop her water power, both of which are essential factors in any industrializing process.

Petroleum is capital in itself, but from an industrial standpoint it still remains future capital. The state monopoly of all the petroleum wealth of the country as decreed by Parliament was a wise move, and a necessary precaution against the danger of North American exploitation. Of different significance is the question of agricultural development, on which the well-being of most Argentinians entirely depends. Both the inflow of colonists, and the normal increase arising from the relatively high birth rate and low death rate, are greater in proportion to the Argentine population than they are in any other South American country. Sixty per cent of the population lives in cities, which means that only four million people occupy a territory six times as extensive as Germany.

This condition is not due to a lack of good soil, but to the accumulation of great estates in the hands of a few people, who up to the present time have proved an invincible hindrance to the growth of an agricultural middle class. Apart from the eastern provinces, there is no colonization and development worth mentioning. Wide stretches of country suitable for raising cattle lie neglected. On account of the country's dependence on the condition of the world market, continued profitable production cannot be assured, and such assurance must be the economic keystone of any government. The crisis that occurred after the war testifies to this, and a great deal of the Pampa is not ready for the plough, although it

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appears to be excellent territory for colonial development.

At some time or another every agricultural reform in the Argentine comes up against the big landowners, who, with very few exceptions, control all the fertile parts of the country. Often a single *haciendero* extends from fifty to sixty thousand acres, and as a result almost eighty per cent of all the Argentine farmers are tenants. A new law, however, will lead to the gradual distribution of land; but even apart from the fact that this process will be very slow, its results appear doubtful. The recently undertaken attempt to distribute land in the territory of Misiones to small landholders is a significant beginning that has already prospered, and its advancement does not entirely depend on private economic initiative.

The adoption of a systematic colonization programme seems to be the most imperative duty now facing Argentina, and on its solution the much-mooted financial reform depends. Nature decrees that Argentina must remain principally an agricultural state, and its economic health therefore chiefly depends on the growth of an independent class of small farmers who develop with the soil they till. Obviously this must be achieved by improved agricultural methods, since the present ones are in many ways antiquated and call for far-reaching improvements. But such measures cannot solve the present problem of colonization.

The industrial development of the country depends entirely on the execution of agrarian reforms, for only with a thick population can this underpopulated country develop a sufficiently extensive home market. Undoubtedly Argentina has room for one hundred million inhabitants, but the question is not confined to finding space for them. Half the danger that threatens all South America originates in Argentina, and Argentina's opportunity lies in her agricultural wealth. In the wide reaches of the Pampa the country's future well-being lies buried, together with its opportunity to play the leading political rôle on the continent — a rôle that its people have taken for granted.

Not long ago an Argentine scholar said that the Garden of Eden was situated somewhere in this Mesopotamia of the New World, that it must have lain in the delta of the Uruguay and Parana rivers. Thus Adam and Eve were automatically invested with Argentine citizenship. European and North American colleagues of this learned gentleman may wish to test the scientific truth of his hypothesis, but to laymen like ourselves it is a significant manifestation of the intensive national pride of the country as it is beginning to make itself felt in foreign politics.

Because Argentina and Brazil each feels that the honored position of *primus inter pares* is due to her, they have never been able to get together. But in Buenos Aires everyone regards the question as decided, and the strength of Argentina's economic position provides concrete proof of this fact.

The rise of North American influence since 1914 and the gradual decline of English and German capital investments have made Argentina feel herself called upon to act as the exponent of Latin-American public opinion even more than she did before the war. The recent events in Central America have nowhere been given more extensive publicity than in the big newspapers of Buenos Aires. Because European and North American influence come to grips here more than in any other part of Latin America, Argentina sees herself faced with this question in a very vital way, and it is a matter of life and death.

When the German Ambassador in

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Buenos Aires, Herr Dr. Gneist, was kind enough to introduce me to the President, Dr. Marcello T. de Alevar, I hoped to be able to discuss this problem. Having held office since 1922, the President of Argentina is able to bring a ripe judgment to bear on the international policies of his country. Before he was elected he served as Ambassador in Paris, and gained an intimate view of diplomatic conditions elsewhere in Europe. The descendant of an old and noble family, he attached himself in his youth to the Radical Bourgeois Party, thus showing a strength of character that still marks his personality. I asked the President to give me his conception of Argentina's special position in the community of American Republics, especially in the light of its European interests. His answer, which he formulated in writing after our interview and approved at the time, offered a clear programme.

'The interests of our country,' said the President, 'cannot be confined exclusively to the Western Hemisphere. That must be self-evident, for interests no less vital bind us to the European nations. Many Europeans are better informed regarding the structure of our Republic and the peculiarities of our people than are the North Americans. It is therefore only natural that we should strongly favor dealing with Europe.'

I then asked if Argentina's withdrawal from the League of Nations did not seem to contradict this view. 'In so far as I was able,' replied the President, 'I tried to prevent this decision, and always advocated active participation in the work at Geneva.' Parliament, however, had consistently defeated this stand of the President's.

'People expect too much from so young an organization,' the President exclaimed. 'The League cannot cure all the trouble in the world at once. You must give it time to develop.'

'Will the present — let us hope, temporary — disinterestedness of Argentina in the League of Nations be affected by the Pan-American Congress in Havana?'

'The Pan-American movement doubtless possesses great significance, for it provides a common ground of understanding for the various American nations and brings them into close personal contact. To this extent the Pan-American Congress carries out useful work and leads to a common understanding between various peoples and governments.'

'Then do you believe that close coöperation between the Latin-American countries and the United States, with the Pan-American Union as a basis, can be realized in the course of time?'

'The connections between Argentine policies and the mighty policies of the North American State have always been close, but the United States often fails to understand the peculiarities of the Latin-American mentality. Especially it fails to take sufficient account of the differences between the various South American nations (*se deja de tener en cuenta las diferencias que existen entre los distintos paises de Sudamerica*). If the Pan-American Union were capable of a better understanding of present conditions, its aims would be more easily achieved, but it cannot build up anything by confining its activities to a purely accidental geographic situation.'

Another Argentine politician, who formerly occupied an important government position, delivered the same opinion in even more impressive words, explaining to me that the Argentine had developed a keen sense of nationality and would refuse to bind itself closely to other American countries.

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The antagonism toward the United States is as intense in Argentina as in Chile, and the anti-American demonstrations in Buenos Aires during the Sacco-Vanzetti case bore eloquent witness to this fact. The economic preponderance of the United States arouses great anxiety, but the demand for numerous North American products, especially automobiles, and the predominance of American capital always prevail over sentimental considerations. Within a year Argentina has borrowed one hundred and twenty million gold pesos from America.

At the outbreak of the war eight billion paper pesos were invested in Argentina. Europe still occupies, and will continue for some time to occupy, the leading position here, chiefly on account of the enormous English investments in Argentine railways. But the United States is gradually pushing forward, and is gaining faster and faster on its European competitors. At the present moment half a billion dollars of American capital is invested in Argentina, and the United States is the second-largest foreign creditor. England comes first with one and three-quarters billion.

The day after my interview with President Alevar I left Buenos Aires, having paid all too short a visit there. Yet even in that short time I had received a clear impression. Argentina's development dates from a much more recent time than the development of the countries on the west coast of the continent. Nevertheless, it is the most firmly established of any South American state, thanks chiefly to the homogeneity of its population. It is already a country with a native culture and a national consciousness that expresses itself through a legal system quite its own. There are many signs that a still broader future awaits it. Because the nation has faith in itself, it is already a great Power.

WOMEN IN SOVIET RUSSIA [1]

BY ALEXANDRA RAKOVSKII

[The author of this article is the wife of the former Soviet Ambassador to Paris, whose activities in behalf of the Third International almost caused a Franco-Russian break last October. Mme. Rakovskii has taken an active part in Red Cross work and the emancipation of Russian women.]

In the time of the Tsars, Russian women lived under an extraordinary variety of handicaps. In that amazing mosaic of races, tribes, and nationalities, distributed over an enormous territory and divided into numerous social stratifications, the position of women was everywhere replete with contrasts. These contrasts arose from geographical peculiarities, varying cultural levels, and the economic conditions in which each group lived — hunters, nomads, peasants, and the citizens of the big industrial centres.

In the Russia of the old régime the

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *January* 1

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intellectual woman had, to be sure, won an independent place for herself, not only in family life, but in social and political activity. In science, art, and literature she had already assumed a prominent place. The history of the Revolution is full of distinguished marks of her work. This circle of intellectual women was, however, confined to a small portion of the bourgeoisie and nobility. The peasant women lived quite a different life, as they were still bowed down under the yoke of the Tsarist bureaucracy, which clung to the patriarchal customs and kept women in a position bordering on slavery.

The lot of the women workers in the cities and factories was in certain respects even more pitiful than that of the peasants, because capitalist exploitation laid its full weight on them and their children.

Let us look back for a moment at the position of women under the far-flung Empire of the Tsars. In Yakutsk, a province seven times the size of Germany, with a population of only three hundred thousand, ninety-six per cent of whom were nomads, women lived in a state of real slavery. In their own family they had no rights, and were not entitled to any inheritance. The relatives would wait impatiently for the day when the growing girl could get married, because they would get a definite purchase price for her, known as the *kalim*, which amounted to about fifty pounds of butter, thirty-five pounds of meal, and three rubles.

Once in her husband's house, the young woman lost all contact with her family. Under the parental roof she had been looked upon since childhood as an object of exploitation and had already become hardened to the heaviest and most painful work. The miserable living conditions, the complete lack of hygiene, the meagre nourishment, the hard climate, and the housing together of animals with women and children in the same miserable mud hovels, made life intolerable. Infant mortality exceeded fifty per cent, and the deaths among young women were twice as many as those among men of the same age. Professor Halden gave the following statistics for mortality of Yakutsk women compared with the men: between twenty and twenty-nine years of age, 208 women to 100 men; between thirty and thirty-nine, 169 women to 100 men.

As might have been expected, over half of them died of tuberculosis. On top of this, the Yakutsk woman stood in a subordinate position to her husband, and even to her own son, who regarded her as an inferior creature whose only purpose in life was to bear children and to perform heavy, disagreeable work.

The Mohammedan peoples of Central Asia and the Caucasus relegated their women to an almost similar position. There, too, she was an object of barter, although some of the customs were a little milder. Here, however, chastity was a matter of paramount importance. Whereas in Yakutsk the question of virginity and previous virtue played no part whatever, among the Mohammedans its absence led to dreadful tragedy. In Azerbaijan the husband may kill his wife on their wedding night if he discovers that someone has possessed her before himself.

The custom of the veil isolated women from masculine society and involved many political and social implications, and the kalim, or purchase of women, gave the husband unlimited power.

Although the economic condition of women in the Mohammedan districts was slightly better than in Yakutsk and other parts of Siberia,

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hygienic laws were as little observed, and doctors were not allowed to minister to them. As a result the mortality of women and children was as shockingly great here as elsewhere.

Under the Tsars almost all women in the lower orders of society were illiterate. Among the Siberian nomads virtually one hundred per cent could not read or write, and in Azerbaijan ninety-six per cent were illiterate, while in other parts of the former Empire the figures were somewhat lower. All in all, it may be said that the position of Russian women under the old régime was one of social and political inferiority, which grew more marked as one left European Russia behind and approached Siberia, Central Asia, and the Caucasus.

The first result of the October Revolution was the removal of all social and political differences between men and women. The Constitution and the law both proclaimed the absolute equality of the sexes, but long, hard work was required to make this proclamation a reality in the daily life of the people. The decrees of the Soviet cleared the road for real feminine emancipation, but this road was still blocked by mighty obstacles rooted deep in time-honored customs and usages and arising from social prejudices and religious beliefs. These obstacles could only be removed by a long, stubborn struggle, in which women themselves had to play the decisive rôle.

Ten years have passed since the October Revolution, though really the end of the civil war in 1921 should be taken as the date when systematic efforts for the effective emancipation of women began.

What are the present results of all this activity? What has been accomplished by allowing women to participate in public life, to raise their economic and intellectual level, to attack illiteracy and mortality, and to raise the general level of intelligence?

I shall speak first of what has been done among the working women and peasants, and how we have helped them to take an active part in our political and economic life in defense of their interests and in the positive work of building up the Soviet State.

The first step in the political activity of working women consisted in assemblies of delegates. These meetings are held under the auspices of various large enterprises, while smaller concerns band together in single groups. The working women who are not members of these groups are organized into small societies for political education.

The meetings of the delegates, as well as the meetings of the educational societies, are run by the local committee of the Communist Party. On the steppes similar organizations have been developed for the peasant women, who also belong to assemblies of delegates and to educational groups. The chief activity of the assembly of delegates consists in the political and economic education of the working and peasant women. These meetings are not confined, however, to instructing women in political fundamentals; they also awaken the interest of the illiterate in practical questions relating to their everyday life. For this purpose the meetings are divided into various sections devoted to professional, legal, and industrial instruction. Special courses are given teaching the mothers how to take care of their children, and how to organize their family life.

One can get some idea of the work that these assemblies perform from the following figures showing how many women have participated in them: in the year 1924–1925, 378,200 women; in 1925–1926, 500,000 women; in 1926–1927, 620,000 women. As a general

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rule each delegate represents three to five other working women.

Thanks to the meetings and educational groups, women are taking more and more part in political life, and especially in the elections. The following figures show the number of women voters who participated in the elections in those years: 1924–1925, 27.5 per cent; 1925–1926, 28.1 per cent. In 1926–1927, 30 per cent of the women in the country districts and 51.4 per cent of the women in the cities voted. In the same period the number of women elected to office increased from 10 to 11 per cent in the country and from 18 to 19.4 per cent in the cities. Another fact testifying to the progress of our women is the increasing number of young girls attending school. In the professional schools girls numbered about 40 per cent of the total attendance in 1926–1927, and in technical schools they numbered 41.5 per cent.

Efforts are being made to improve the living conditions of the women peasants and workers, and to instruct them in housework. To this end the Soviet has set up permanent nurseries for the children of working women. In January 1926 there were 739 of these nurseries, and 4101 temporary nurseries were also organized that could be moved into the country in summer. Always with the idea of improving the condition of women, the State has established lying-in hospitals and clinics for mothers and children. There are 585 consultation offices for children, and 381 for mothers. Over 95 per cent of the women in the cities bear their children in these clinics. In this way the infant mortality and the mortality of the mothers has decreased enormously.

In order to bring the women of the nation together and to make them feel in close contact with distant comrades, the women's organizations make skillful use of the press. Moscow and Leningrad boast four newspapers for working and peasant women, and their circulation totals 325,000 copies. In all of the Soviet Republics we have fifteen women's newspapers, six of them in Oriental languages. In 1927, 12,700 working women and 8000 peasant women served as correspondents for these papers. Special attention was devoted to the work being done for women in Siberia, Central Asia, and the Caucasus.

This political and economic rise of a whole class of working and peasant women would not have been possible if their own initiative had not been applied, and this initiative was only possible in conjunction with far-reaching autonomous political administration in those provinces and districts occupied by a homogeneous population. Thus the so-called historic tribes and nations have not only received an autonomous State in place of a mere province like Azerbaijan, Turkestan, or the territory of the Uzbegs, but they have even gained political independence from the U. S. S. R., as in the case of the Ukraine, White Russia, Armenia, and Georgia, whose inhabitants have arrived at a condition of national independence such as they never knew before.

Another achievement has been the creation of a written language, and even of an alphabet, for people who never possessed any form of script. In this way an infallible tool for the development of a national culture has been provided. What sources of joy have been released among people who were wandering in the darkness without a national culture of their own and without ever being able to hope for anything more than a contact with some portion of another nation's so-called historic heritage.

The Government has also made

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considerable headway in improving the living conditions of the nomads of Siberia and the inhabitants of the Volga Valley, giving them all opportunity to study and a chance to improve their lot. Most of this work was carried out by a scientific expedition organized by the Academy of Science. Special attention was focused on the political organization of these territories, on the development of their traffic systems, on the organization of their administrative centres, and on their schools, hospitals, industrial plants, and so forth. Since sanitary dwellings are the first line of defense in the fight against heavy mortality, various local groups, especially among the nomads of Siberia and Central Asia, have issued decrees forbidding the housing together of human beings and animals. In order to carry out this programme, all kinds of favorable tariffs have been established to help those who need assistance.

Since local groups lack the means to carry out such plans, the Soviet Republic has to help the local authorities out of the national Budget. The result is that all the autonomous republics and provinces in Siberia, Central Asia, and the Caucasus are under obligations to Moscow, for their own financial strength could not have met their needs.

In so far as the position of women is concerned, the local authorities in Yakutsk, Turkestan, the territory of the Uzbegs, Tatary, and Azerbaijan have granted them civil and political equality in accordance with the Constitution of the Soviet Union as proclaimed through its decrees. The most significant of these decrees is the one stating that women have an equal right with men to own land; and other laws have forbidden the purchase of women. In fact, this custom has been defined in the civil code as slave traffic. The abolition of the veil was no easy task, and it has not yet been accomplished, because the conservative instinct of the men makes them feel that some religious issue is involved.

Groups of women have fought bravely for these reforms, and at the cost of their lives have battled against tyranny, prejudice, and religious superstition. The results obtained, however, are enormous.

In 1925 eighteen women's clubs in Azerbaijan had 1080 members. During the same year in the same province 34 organizations with 479 members attacked illiteracy. Now 13.6 per cent of the members of the local Soviet are women, numbering six thousand in all. In the year 1925 five women in Turkestan were members of the Soviet. The next year the number increased to twelve, and in 1927 to twenty-one. In the elections 455,000 women were eligible to vote, and 130,000, or 28 per cent, cast their ballots.

It must not be forgotten that the Republic of Azerbaijan, with its capital at Baku, is the richest of all the Asiatic republics, and the rise of women elsewhere can only be expected to develop slowly. Here, however, it has already become a fact, and justifies our highest hopes.

The women's Communist group in the Republic of Yakutsk in 1925 numbered only 33 members. During the first year the number of women elected to the local Soviet varied between 4 and 16 per cent. In the same period three Yakutsk women were elected to the Central Executive Committee of the Autonomous Yakutsk Republic. The women's group also established a nursery and a tailoring establishment where thirty Yakutsk women worked. In this Republic, where the population is scattered over so wide a territory, school instruction is difficult, and traveling schools have been organized

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to raise the cultural level of the people. Reports state that the Yakutsk women have shown themselves eager to learn. Frequently girls come from far-off provinces to the Central Committee to learn and work at the same time. During this period the girls go to school for twenty days and then work for ten.

I have confined my examples of the emancipation of women to two Asiatic republics. Of these Azerbaijan has made the greatest progress and Yakutsk the least. The real efforts for reform date back not more than three or four years, but there is already time enough to perceive that a real and significant movement is under way to improve the lot of Russian women all the way from the Caucasus Mountains to the Arctic Circle and the foothills of the Himalayas.

EUROPE'S POPULATION PROBLEM[1]

BY PIERRE DOMINIQUE

Let us assume as our first principle that Europe is beginning to exist as a continent and that national population problems have been succeeded by a big European problem. Various states, looking at the matter from selfish points of view, propose solutions that would favor one group to the detriment of others, and thus do small service to the cause of peace. We French, however, can afford to be impartial on this point, as will be presently shown.

At the end of the eighteenth century Europe was already overpopulated, and matters had reached such a pass that England and Germany were preoccupied with attempts to limit population growth. But France, the most densely populated territory at that time, was not finding the situation bothersome, because her soil was rich and her twenty-five million inhabitants were making an easy living.

After the turn of the nineteenth century the theories of Malthus were totally discredited. Big industries began to develop, and the need of an abundant labor supply at once appeared. Thanks to a declining death rate, the population of England quadrupled in a century — a country numbering ten million souls in 1800 boasted more than forty million in 1900. The same thing occurred in Germany and Italy. The governments, far from feeling anxious about the excess of births, congratulated themselves on that point, and the theory that victory in the economic field as well as in the military field went to the side with the large battalions was beginning to acquire the status of a fixed principle.

People ignored the fact that primitive races have more children than any others, and that the workers and peasants were having more children than the middle classes. They forgot that the increased standard of comfort on the one hand and the decline of religious scruples on the other kept down the birth rate, and that modern civilization is not favorable to prolific re-

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *January* 14

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production. From one end of Europe to the other poor France was greeted with roars of laughter because her population did not grow and numbered only forty million in 1914 as compared with thirty-eight million in 1871.

England quadrupled her population in a century. In forty-five years Germany grew from forty to sixty million, in spite of considerable emigration. Italy increased from twenty-three to forty million in exactly fifty years, in spite of emigration there as well.

It seemed that the newly peopled countries, rich, almost deserted, and temperate, could absorb Europe's excess population for centuries. Chief among these was the United States, next the English Dominions, and thirdly the southern part of South America. Industrial progress also seemed to indicate the possibility of indefinite expansion, and it was gravely predicted that Germany, by keeping the same rate of growth, would in 1940 or 1950 have one hundred million inhabitants. In 1900, therefore, France seemed completely lost, and her civilization, because of its very quality, was apparently doomed.

After the war something happened. Up to that time the United States had absorbed the European surplus, but between 1914 and 1918 she had not received many people. Although her enormous territory was far from being overpopulated, she refused to give entrance to all the immigrants who presented themselves, and established narrow restrictions as to whom she was willing to receive.

Whereas the United States had been receiving as many as 1,100,000 immigrants a year, almost all of them Europeans, she fixed the annual quota in 1926 at 164,667, of whom 161,422 could come from Europe. That is less than half as many as the United States used to receive from Germany alone.

At the same time that this first outlet was closed, the British Dominions, with the consent of the mother country, confined themselves to a limited number of English immigrants. The Dominions cannot afford to receive men without jobs and to increase their army of paupers and unemployed, for their civilization is already too urban. Last of all, Latin America, and Argentina in particular, raised restrictions. Thus European emigration was deprived of all its outlets almost at a single stroke.

It seems, however, that the need for these outlets is no longer making itself strongly felt. Why is this? The answer is that the birth rate is beginning to decline in England, Germany, and Italy. Not only did the birth rate in these countries sink during the war, to say nothing of the six million casualties, but after the war the old birth rate was not attained. England sank to 183 births per ten thousand inhabitants — less than France, with 191. Germany in 1890 had 350 births per ten thousand inhabitants, 330 in 1903, 300 in 1910, 268 in 1914, 257 in 1920, 205 in 1925, and 195 in 1926.

Let us draw no false conclusions. If 195 children per thousand inhabitants were being born in Germany in 1926, compared with 191 in France, Germany owes her slight superiority to her peasant class. Hamburg records only 130 births per ten thousand inhabitants, and Berlin 100. Paris, on the other hand, has nearly 160.

This reveals the stupidity of people who are crying out against the decadence of the French race. And what does race mean anyway? As if the Germans had changed their race when their birth rate fell! Their customs are the only thing that has changed; for they have altered their hygienic code; they care more about comfort; and perhaps their religious spirit has declined slightly.

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In a letter from Germany I read that 'statistics compiled in various quarters of Bremen in 1925 give a birth rate of 147 per ten thousand in the rich quarters, 142 in the middle-class quarters, and 195 among the workers.' Nor must it be forgotten that Germany has 46 cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants, while France has only a dozen. Yet the birth rate of this urban population across the Rhine is only 140 births per ten thousand.

The conclusion therefore is that in spite of its low mortality of about 125, and taking into account the fact that Germans continue to emigrate, — 50,000 of them having gone to the United States last year, — Germany's population in 1926 cannot have increased more than 350,000.

Of course, this is something, but hardly enough to constitute a danger. Moreover, we shall see that this growth is not much greater than that of France in 1923, 1924, and 1925, when our population increased from 60,000 to 90,000 a year, plus 100,000 immigrants.

The high French death rate sank slightly to 173 per ten thousand this year, but it ought to get down to 130 or 120. The German death rate, on the other hand, is so low that it cannot sink much further. Germany, with its 152 inhabitants per square kilometre, is overpopulated; France, with its 75, certainly is not.

There is, therefore, every chance that the population of Germany will remain stationary, and in any case, to judge from the figures of 1925 and 1926, only a very slow growth can be admitted. The fears of 1900 have vanished. At that time Germany was growing rapidly and regularly, and the overpopulation that caused the war seemed imminent. In those days even the calmest of us believed that a mass of one hundred million men between the Vosges and the Niemen would eventually dominate Europe economically and culturally. And now the danger no longer exists.

How about the Italian danger? That is another affair. In the last few years Italy too has witnessed a considerable fall in her birth rate. Her Government, unlike the German Government, is trying to check this tendency. Moreover, the decline in Italy is not so rapid as in Germany. The birth rate in the former country was 293 per ten thousand in 1924 instead of 317 as in 1913, and the figure fell to 240 in 1926.

The Italian death rate is fairly high, 165 per ten thousand, which means that it can be reduced during the same period in which the birth rate will diminish, so that the excess population should remain roughly constant. Moreover, Italy, being a poorer, less industrial, country, has more difficulty than Germany in supporting a large population. She finds it difficult to maintain 133 inhabitants per square kilometre, whereas Germany easily supports 152. Also, America only admits 3845 Italians a year, and 50,000 Germans.

Emigration from Europe, and especially from France, would retard Italy's growth by drawing her emigrants across the border. It would not permit Italy to attain her famous 50,000,000 inhabitants a quarter of a century hence were it not that the Fascist Government has vigorously raised the question abroad.

Whereas England, with her very low birth rate, still finds herself overpopulated and tries to solve the problem by peaceful means, getting rid of her excess population in America and the Dominions; whereas Germany defends herself instinctively with an accentuated form of Malthusianism, for Berlin is losing 30 inhabitants per ten thousand each year; whereas France has reached a point of equilibrium and

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her annual growth is now based on industrial needs — poor Italy, without industries, is trying to make use of her excess population and to use the emigration process that liberates her as an instrument of imperialism.

This results in a doctrine that might roughly be expressed as follows. Italian immigrants are part of Italy. They are, in a sense, inalienable Italian goods that have the right to establish themselves in France, for instance, although the portion of French soil that they cultivate becomes in a certain measure Italian soil. 'Wherever there is an Italian,' said Mussolini, 'there is Italy.' Senator Rava, the framer of the law putting the matter of Italian emigration in charge of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, has written: 'The figure of the emigrant looking for work must be replaced by the figure of the Italian carrying his head high and taking with him the legal right to be protected by his native land.'

When the French press reasserted the right of France to *nationalize* Italians in France, *Lavoro d'Italia* remarked: 'When naturalization, even if it is spontaneous, is accorded to an Italian summoned to France by a contract to perform work, it is an abuse of confidence committed at the expense of Italy. Between individuals such an abuse would constitute a veritable misdemeanor, since one is not allowed to make a thing serve any other purpose than that for which it has been acquired. It would be vain to object that people and not things are involved in this case, for those people are Italian goods, Italian values, and Italian entities.'

In the recent debate on emigration in the Italian Senate the orators insisted on the political character of the problem. Nearly all demanded that funds spent on emigration should be used to create 'Italian houses, schools, and institutions' wherever important Italian colonies exist.

Thus the question of Italian overpopulation assumes a unique character. In the minds of ambitious Fascist ministers it consists in raising the birth rate in order to utilize the extra Italians as an instrument of war. They will be scattered through Nice, Toulon, Marseille, the Garonne valley, and Tunis, for our territory is the chief object they have in view. These emigrants will be organized into regular Fascist groups by priests, teachers, and special commissions, and thus a series of little republics that can easily be manipulated by the Chigi Palace will be set up within our frontiers.

This is the great danger during the next fifteen or twenty years. As we said before, Europe already exists as a continent, and one might certainly think that this question of overpopulation and underpopulation could be regulated in a friendly, intelligent way. Nevertheless, the Geneva Congress has shown that we must unfortunately take into account English doctrinaires who want to catechize the world, confining themselves to the English situation, and Italian Fascisti who want to make population movements serve the needs of an imperialist policy.

The matter might be summed up by the statement that at present three methods are being employed — three methods strictly suited to the conditions of three different countries. England, with a low birth rate, a very low death rate, a considerable excess population, a miserable industrial situation, incompetent to support a single extra human being, is trying to get rid of her excess population on the United States or the Dominions, and would be glad to have her birth rate sink lower still. She is right from her point of view, but her point of view is not necessarily ours. Germany sees her birth rate shrinking

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in an almost catastrophic fashion. This will solve her overpopulation problem in a few years, but not in the way that her Nationalists wish. There again there is a very special local situation and an instinctive mass reaction to it.

Italy sees her birth rate falling, but her Government is trying to put on the brakes, even though the country is already overpopulated. She is trying to win a political triumph from a process of emigration almost entirely confined to French territory. Finally, France, having long maintained a state of equilibrium, seems to want to destroy it. Her births are tending to increase, her very high mortality is sinking, but a fairly considerable emigration prevents the population from growing too rapidly. Her policy is very simple — on the one hand, to receive immigrants in so far as she needs them, to assimilate, and to nationalize them; on the other hand, to diminish the excessive death rate. Thus she will be able to make use of certain abandoned districts, to develop her industry, and perhaps even double, in the course of the twentieth century, a population that now numbers 75 inhabitants per square kilometre, and that could very well number 150, as is the case in Germany.

Under favorable conditions, a highly perfected urban population of the German type will slowly develop in our country, and will undoubtedly permit the mass of human beings who live here to enjoy greater comfort and to attain a new social level.

ARTIFICIAL RUBBER[1]

A SENSATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT

BY PROFESSOR EBNER

At the principal session of the meeting of the Society for Promoting German Chemical Industries, held at Frankfort last November, Geheimrat A. von Weinberg announced that the process developed by the German Chemical Trust for manufacturing artificial rubber was practically perfected. Application has already been made for patents covering this process, and measures have been taken that assure the successful commercial production of synthetic rubber at an early date. This rubber possesses all the qualities of natural rubber, and the cost of making it can be reduced to a point that will enable it to compete to advantage with the plantation product.

This sensational communication at once focused public attention upon a problem that has occupied our chemists for decades, and that stands second in importance only to the liquefaction of coal. Indeed, so far as actual money values are concerned, it is perhaps the meatiest nut that the industrial chemist has hitherto tried to crack. Shortly before the Great War the world's annual output of rubber was about one hundred thousand tons, valued at

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *November* 24

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one quarter of a billion dollars. To-day it exceeds six hundred thousand tons, worth about one half a billion dollars, while the articles manufactured from it are easily worth three times the latter sum. Furthermore, the future demand for rubber, especially for automotive vehicles, promises to grow beyond all present prediction.

As everyone knows, rubber is the creamlike latex of certain tropical plants. Some of these are trees, others bushes, and still others grotesque lianas and climbing vines. The best latex is procured from the lofty Brazilian hevea tree. Rubber is contained in this creamy fluid in the form of tiny globules, like the fat globules in milk. It is separated from the rest of the latex by a simple process, forming a slimy substance, which becomes, when squeezed between rollers, an exceedingly tenacious, elastic mass. Rubber's most important characteristic from the industrial standpoint is the readiness with which it combines with sulphur — a process which is called vulcanization. This gives it a resistance to cold and heat which it does not possess in its natural state. Another important quality is the ease with which fillers, colors, and other foreign substances can be incorporated with it when it is warm and plastic, without changing its fundamental characteristics. The readiness with which it thus combines with sulphur and fillers accounts for the great variety of objects manufactured from it, which range all the way from soft erasers to tough automobile tires and ebonite articles turned with a lathe.

As early as 1860 an English chemist named Williams discovered that rubber belongs to the great group of compounds formed of carbon and hydrogen known as hydrocarbons. He determined the composition of its ultimate molecule as consisting of five atoms of carbon and eight atoms of hydrogen. This he named isoprene, and classed into the series of unsaturated hydrocarbons called butadines. Nineteen years later a French chemist named Bouchardat discovered while investigating the distillation products of rubber that isoprene can be converted, either by heating or by treating with concentrated hydrochloric acid, into a tough, solid body which has exactly the same elasticity and other qualities as rubber itself. This showed that rubber was a particular arrangement of an unknown number of isoprene molecules, and that it belonged to a group of substances which chemists call colloids, and which includes, besides rubber, cellulose, the tannins, the starches, and albumen. The number of isoprene molecules that it took to form a molecule of rubber, and their molecular arrangement, remain for the time being unexplained. Many investigators have endeavored to solve the problem without success. Scientists now hope to elucidate it by the use of Röntgen rays, which have revealed the inner structure of so many hitherto unexplained compounds upon the photographic plate. It is inferred from a study of the Röntgen diagrams of rubber so far investigated that four, and possibly also eight, isoprene molecules are tied together in a 'rubber ring,' and that when rubber is stretched thousands of these rings attach themselves to each other to form a fibre, uniting during the process into tiny crystals.

Even though chemists have not definitely determined the ultimate molecular structure of rubber, they know enough about it to proceed with assurance toward its synthetic production. That has been a most tempting goal, because it promises a fortune to the lucky discoverer. Two technical problems are presented — to discover

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(1) a cheap method of producing isoprene in quantities, and (2) a simple process for combining the isoprene molecules into a larger molecular complex — what is called in chemistry polymerizing.

Obviously some cheap and abundant material must be found from which to obtain isoprene on a commercial scale. The substances which chemists had employed in their laboratory experiments for this purpose — primarily turpentine — were therefore ruled out of consideration. Turpentine costs almost as much as rubber itself, and the sources of its supply are threatened with exhaustion even before those of natural rubber. Other raw materials, like starch, alcohol, and fusel oil, from which isoprene and related substances were manufactured in Germany during the World War, were equally out of the question, since they would make the final product too expensive. In a word, the manufacture of synthetic rubber encountered the same obstacles that originally faced the pioneer producers of synthetic indigo. They were too difficult for an individual investigator to overcome, and could be surmounted only by a combined attack, backed by unlimited resources, such as a great established chemical industry could deliver. Millions of dollars and the labor of a whole corps of skillful scientists were required.

Thus it was that the research laboratories of two of our giant chemical enterprises, the Elberfeld Dye Works and the Baden Aniline and Soda Factory, took up the task. They first succeeded in producing rubber on a commercial scale from isoprene. On September 11, 1909, a patent for this process, which marked the dawn of the artificial-rubber era, was granted to the Elberfeld Dye Works. Its specifications read: 'A process for the production of synthetic rubber consisting of heating synthetic isoprene with or without the addition of substances accelerating polymerization to a temperature below 250° Centigrade.' The perfecters of this process were the two chief chemists at that time connected with the Elberfeld Works — Fritz Hofmann and Carl Coutelles. The first of these gentlemen described at length, in an address before the Freiburg Chemical Society in 1912, the difficulties to be overcome in producing isoprene in large quantities. Fifty different methods were tested, all but one of which were ultimately abandoned. The successful method, which was finally perfected after two years of constant experiment, started with coal. Coal tar, the original source of so many important chemical compounds, provided the two investigators with a substance from which, through the intermediary of creosol, — a substance closely allied to carbolic acid, — isoprene could be produced by a roundabout way in commercial quantities. Not long afterward the chemists of the Baden Aniline and Soda Factory isolated from crude petroleum a new compound containing five atoms of hydrogen, which they called pentene, and which could be converted into pure isoprene by a series of chemical transformations.

The manufacture of isoprene on an economical commercial scale did not solve, however, the problem of making synthetic rubber. It was still necessary to discover some way by which the gasolinelike liquid, isoprene, could be converted into the tough, elastic, resistant rubber colloid. In other words, isoprene must be condensed, or polymerized. To be sure, an English chemist named Tilden discovered in the nineties that if isoprene was allowed to stand for a long period undisturbed it changed of its own accord into a tough, elastic substance;

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but such a process was obviously impracticable in a commercial manufacture. Every kind of chemical and physical persuasion was brought to bear upon poor, persecuted isoprene, but it would not condense. When the case looked desperate, however, Hofmann found that by the very simple device of using precisely the proper temperature isoprene could be converted into rubber. The resulting product was thoroughly tested chemically and in manufacturing, and was found to act precisely like natural rubber. It also vulcanized perfectly. Later the Baden Aniline and Soda Factory discovered that ozone, metallic sodium, and carbolic acid would thicken isoprene, but that the resulting product differed materially from natural rubber and was greatly inferior to it for practical uses.

Naturally the idea suggested itself to many chemists that the process that had succeeded so well with isoprene might also work with such closely related compounds of the hydrocarbon series as the butadines. They succeeded in converting gaseous erythrene and liquid methylisoprene into a kind of rubber, but it differed chemically from the natural product, and was inferior to it in elasticity and tenacity. Nevertheless, during the World War these inferior rubbers were produced in great quantities in Germany, where they were employed in the manufacture of accumulator cases and automobile tires. In fact, during hostilities almost one eighth of Germany's rubber consumption was supplied by the Elberfeld Dye Works.

Altogether, prospects seemed to be bright for the early production of synthetic rubber at a cost and on a scale that would enable it to replace natural rubber as completely as synthetic indigo has replaced natural indigo. But just when this golden vision was on the verge of realization a slump occurred in the plantation-rubber market that dashed these hopes to the ground. Prices fell from seven dollars a kilogramme in 1910 to one fourth of that price in 1914, and to seventy-five cents a kilogramme at the present time. This decline was due to the rapid extension of rubber plantations in the East Indies and the adjacent mainland of Asia, so that cultivated rubber almost completely displaced the wild rubber in Brazil and Africa. With great difficulty, and with the utmost privacy, seeds of the hevea tree had been smuggled out of Brazil by Englishmen and Dutchmen, and had been planted in Ceylon, the Malay States, and the Netherlands Indies, where they throve exceedingly. After a brief period of pioneering, the new trees seemed to come into bearing all at once. In 1905 sixty-two thousand tons of wild rubber and one hundred and forty-five tons of plantation rubber were marketed. Twenty years later less than thirty thousand tons of wild rubber and more than four hundred and seventy thousand tons of plantation rubber entered industrial consumption. It is estimated that many plantations can be made to pay when rubber is fifty cents a kilogramme. This is a price with which synthetic producers have not yet been able to compete.

Nevertheless, great industrial laboratories continued to study the problem. First of all, they must find some cheaper primary material than coal tar or petroleum. Scientists knew that this existed, because plants produce rubber directly out of carbon and hydrogen, just as they produce terpene, rosin, and chlorophyl. Their only aids in doing so are sunlight and certain substances in their cells which act as catalyzers. A minute quantity of the latter suffices by its mere presence to

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initiate and accelerate very remarkable chemical changes. Now, after years of research, the Chemical Trust has succeeded, by the use of such catalyzers, in producing hydrocarbons directly from their elements — carbon and hydrogen. Artificial gasoline is an example of such a synthesis of a petroleum product from its two primary constituents. It is only a step from the contact synthesis of gasoline to the contact synthesis of isoprene, and from that to rubber. We are now informed that this last step has been accomplished and that we can at last produce artificial rubber from artificial gasoline by a simple commercial process. Since the only raw material used in making synthetic gasoline is water gas, produced immediately from coal and hydrogen, the manufacture of synthetic rubber has been placed on a business basis that makes competition with even the cheapest plantation rubber possible. Rather remarkably, Germany seems thus to have emancipated herself by a single stroke from both the Anglo-Dutch rubber monopoly and the Anglo-American gasoline monopoly.

A TRIP TO NEW YORK[1]

BY W. J. TURNER

I BELIEVE every European will admit that to travel West is an even greater adventure than to travel East, and that for him there is no thrill at the end of any voyage upon this planet like the thrill at the first sight of New York rising like a bed of rock crystals out of the sea, a veritable city of a New World. But, before this happens, the traveler will have had many foretastes and savorings of what awaits him on the other side of the Atlantic.

In the first place, he will have bought an American trunk. If he is a hardened traveler, a man used to vexations and difficulties, he will only do this the day before he sails, and he will choose one of those miracles of compactness — a trunk which stands upright, can be pushed along on rollers, fits in beside the driver of a taxi (American or English, for taxis, fortunately, are standardized), and will hold half a dozen suits, a dinner jacket, a dress coat, — all hung as perfectly as in a wardrobe, — together with the impedimenta necessary for a voyage round the world, placed in drawers and cupboards so easily accessible that he need never unpack during his whole journey.

And in this trunk, if he only knew, he might at once see the microcosm of the New World, for the chief, and perhaps most startling, characteristic of that world is that there the traveler never once unpacks in his voyage through life. In New York there are no homes, only apartments, and these apartments — which we should call flats — are nothing but elaborate trunks on a grand scale; family trunks, trunks which hold the wardrobe and the toilet accessories of an entire household, arranged with the utmost economy of space and in the

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *December* and *January*

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most meticulous order. What is the most striking difference between a trunk and a house? Surely its front door. A trunk has no front door; neither has a New York apartment. By the aid of some magical machinery you are suddenly within its spotless, dustless, uninhabited interior, and there you silently sit down upon one of the chairs which seem to be unobtrusively screwed into their places. Nothing is untidy, out of place, imperfect, or shabby, and, on the other hand, nothing is brand-new, vulgar, or ostentatious. There is a Monet upon one wall, an Odilon Redon upon another; there are books neither dusty nor unread; there are magazines and reviews all arranged as in a club so that you can take in their titles at a glance; there are flowers very still-life and artificial; and there are even children who appear noiselessly with their governess, exchange the customary greetings with the simple naturalness of a well-oiled spring, and depart with a disciplined freedom beside which the behavior of any European child would appear either rigid or slapdash.

To get into this self-contained interior — spacious in its miraculous efficiency — you have to pass the janitor at the ground-floor entrance to a building perhaps thirty stories high. The building will be necessarily in Park Avenue, the correct residential street in New York where more than one thousand millionaires live. The exact figure is known to all who have anything to sell. It is given in numerous magazines, where advertisers are informed exactly in round dollars how much buying power is concentrated in Park Avenue and how that buying power is normally distributed — so much on soap, so much on flowers, so much on antiques, so much on automobiles, so much on theatre tickets; all carefully and, I presume, accurately tabulated to a cent.

But you are not admitted to these sacred interiors, these American domestic hearths, in the simple manner in which you make a London call. You are stopped by a janitor, to whom, indeed, you must go since all you have as an address in New York is the street number. You ask for the lady you are visiting; the janitor communicates with her by telephone, and you are then taken in an elevator which moves like a flash of noiseless lightning and deposits you in a small space surrounded by doors without names, numbers, or signs of any description. Even if you had managed to get to this spot unaided, you would be utterly at a loss within that blank, unornamented, knockerless parallelogram of doors whose lines hardly break the smooth surface of the surrounding walls. There are no stairs, and without the elevator you would be completely imprisoned. But the janitor knows the door and presses upon a scarcely perceptible button. A manservant or a maidservant opens, and you are let in.

And everything in contact with America is approximating to the trunk ideal, for when you step on board the ship at Southampton you feel that you and your trunk are being fitted into a large floating trunk. Such huge liners as the Majestic, the Mauretania, and the Berengaria have ceased to have the character of ships. You wander down their spacious corridors, lie down and rest upon a large couch in your stateroom, swim in a columned 'Roman' bath that would have been one of the world's wonders in the days of Nero, or dance in a lounge that is indistinguishable from that of a first-class hotel — all unconscious that you are in the middle of the Atlantic with nothing between you and the bottom of the sea but a few steel plates. Many passengers remain in their elaborate suites for the whole voyage of five or six days,

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and could not tell that they were not still residing at the Ritz, London, the Meurice, Paris, the Sacher, Vienna, or the Adlon, Berlin, were it not for the fact that in this Atlantic megalopolis the waiters are called stewards. After lunch, to get an impression that you are on board a ship, you must take the lift from the dining-room on F deck to B deck, climb upon A deck, and from the gaps between the boats peer at the surrounding sea and look up at the gigantic funnels sending up their wisps of oil smoke. The captains of these floating hotels are still in a sense seamen and possess master-mariner's certificates, but they are in effect business potentates with autocratic powers, industrial directors whose job it is to keep down the consumption of oil and run their sea-hotel to show a good profit. The old easy-going familiarity of a ship's company is also gone forever. You would no more think of going up and speaking to a stranger than you would in a hotel lounge. New and strange faces are visible every day, and before landing unknown people appear in quantities out of the depth of the ship. A few deck games are played, but generally by children, or the rag and bobtail end of the passenger list. The gymnasium is chiefly resorted to by corpulent men and women trying to keep down their weight and by a few energetic young readers of newspaper sporting columns. During my homeward voyage only one fair-haired Yale or Princeton athlete came into the gymnasium. He rowed, fenced, boxed, punched the ball, swung the clubs, used the chest-expander, and then passed from the camel to the horse, getting more and more purple in the face at every stage, until at last the gymnasium instructor told him that he had better stop. Just then the lunch bugle-call sounded, whereupon he left the gymnasium thoroughly exhausted, to go down and stuff himself to repletion.

No wonder the American insurance companies are getting alarmed and fear a sudden rise in the death rate. The craze for athletics and the overeating which accompanies it play havoc with the faces and bodies of large numbers of American men, making them look like comic advertisements for pneumatic tires. Many of them seem to have acquired rubber-lined interiors and have rid themselves of the inconvenience of a discriminating palate. This enables them to perform such feats as the one I witnessed regularly at breakfast, when upon the same plate a man used to eat bacon and eggs, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, all beautifully mixed together. The consumption of sugar in America is about 112 pounds per head — almost twice as large as that of the country in the world with the second-highest consumption. There are doctors who declare that the sugar saturation-point has been reached and that this high sugar-consumption is really dangerous; but Americans love danger and thrive upon it, and five times a day on board ship there was a rush to the danger zone, where everybody distinguished himself, eating with the utmost valor and with an heroic disregard of consequences. And there were no casualties.

The great majority of Americans returning home from Europe get on the boat at Cherbourg, and there one has one's first glimpse of the women of America *en masse*, for in spite of their numbers Europe is still large enough to scatter them through its cities and towns, while even in Paris the American invasion is less concentrated and impressive than when — crowded upon two furiously smoking tenders — it rushes toward the great Cunard or White Star liner lying in Cherbourg harbor.

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From the heights above I watched this mass squeezing into narrow files up the gangways and separating out into women, women, women, with here and there a man looking as odd and strange as a centaur. And, if I had known it, I had here the first indication of the truth I was later to discover — that the name of the New World across the Atlantic should be not America but Amazonia. The women of America come to physical maturity at an early age, but, unlike Eastern and South European women, they retain their youth, for it is preserved by a simultaneous intellectual development. At sixteen they are often well-educated and sophisticated women of the world, compared with whom the young men of from sixteen to twenty-five — with the exception of a few precocious Jews — are mere babes and sucklings. On one occasion I danced with a charming young American girl, listened to her admirable criticism of Marcel Proust, accepted her suggestion of a midnight walk on deck under the stars, watched with pleasure the self-possessed grace with which she threw a shawl across her shoulders, was amused by her contemptuous account of what the Americans call 'necking parties,' admired her dignity, good breeding, and naturalness, delighted in the combination of courage, straightforwardness, frankness, and delicacy which made flirtation with her not only impossible but inconceivable, and then learned that this superb young Diana was *fourteen years of age.*

American women habitually travel alone from a very early age. Young married women think nothing of spending from six months to two years in Europe away from their husbands and families. In fact, America, or, as we might agree to call that most important part of it and the one with which I am concerned, Amazonia, is a country entirely dominated by women. It is the women who read ninety per cent of the books and periodicals, it is the women who travel and learn to speak two or three foreign languages, it is the women who go outside their city boundaries and acquire and transmit European culture to the new generations, it is the women who direct the whole social and intellectual life of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and if it were not for its women the United States would be a mere wilderness of Babbitts.

I would go further and express a new, and perhaps a very surprising, idea. It would be possible without very much distortion to depict America as offering something analogous to the harem system of Asia but reversed; for in America it is the men who are in the harem. The American man is kept for breeding and for making money; he has no real part in the social, intellectual, and spiritual life of the country. All day long and often far into the night he sits at his desk or rushes through the streets like an automaton. He is a smaller or a greater cog, or at best a dynamo, in the industrial machine, and he is kept blindly in motion by the ceaseless pressure of the industrial system whose only goal is the filling of every square mile of the continent with farms, factories, or skyscrapers. When there is not an acre of waste land from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, then, but only then, will the pressure be lessened and the speed slacken. And what then? What is to be done when, from New York to San Francisco, the entire country is nothing but wheat, bacon, textiles, machinery, and skyscrapers? Nobody knows; nobody dares even to pause to put that question.

A successful American business man told me that his brother-in-law was the vice-president of an important bank. In Europe, he said, a man who had attained such a position would be reasonably secure. Unless he were found

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guilty of some criminal act, unless he murdered or embezzled, his position was safe, and he need only do his routine work from day to day to live in security; it would even be possible for him to give a good deal of his active thought to other interests. But in America such a man is kept like a slave remorselessly on his treadmill. He has to show ever-increasing returns. 'Get on or get under' is the ultimatum which is delivered afresh every hour in every American business — to all and sundry. While those vast undeveloped natural resources remain to be exploited, there cannot be a single minute's rest for any business organization. Onward from West to East, backward from East to West, the industrial tide races. The great Aryan migrations which filled Europe with their successive waves until the whole continent was packed and further movement was impossible were a slow and tranquil process compared with the frenzy which is filling America. And this frenzy may be seen as in a microcosm in New York.

As everybody knows, the streets over the greater part of New York have not names, but numbers. Straight avenues from First upward run the length of the city from south (downtown) to north (uptown). They are crossed at right angles by streets running from the East River to the Hudson. Red and green lamps are placed on pillars at these intersections and by them the traffic is regulated. In broad daylight up until 2 A.M. these green and red lights are flashing in the streets. All the accidents — as a taxi driver explained to me — take place after 2 A.M. The crush and noise of the traffic in the midst of these flaring signals under towering skyscrapers — each one of which can suddenly vomit from six to ten thousand people into the street — are terrifying because they are punctuated by a constant series of explosions. The whole of Manhattan Island is solid rock, and it is being incessantly blasted for underground subways or for building. Skyscrapers are continually being torn down and replaced by still higher ones. Twenty-, thirty-, forty-, fifty-, sixty-storied skyscrapers in turn have had their day, and now buildings a hundred stories high are projected. One night as I rolled along in a taxi with an American friend in the midst of the usual din on the way to a theatre a terrific explosion seemed to burst right under our feet. I expected taxi and contents to be blown sky-high, and clutching a strap I breathlessly asked what was wrong; but my friend, quite unconcerned, said something about a new subway and went on talking. Then, suddenly, we turned into Broadway. . . .

I was told I must go to the Paramount and Roxy's. I paid ninety-five cents — about four shillings — to enter the Paramount. Inside, the Paramount is a morgue of marble and mosaic. The hall, which looks like the bad dream of some Arabian madman, has two walls covered with the coats of arms of all nations, and underneath each is affixed a small slab of stone or other material. A key to this display tells what each of these slabs is. Under the royal arms of Great Britain is a fragment from St. Paul's, under those of Scotland is a piece of stone from Edinburgh Castle, and so on. The corridors are embellished with original pictures by America's academic artists. One might think one was at the Royal Academy show if it were not for the dimmer, more religious, light which suffuses these antechambers.

Then I entered the presence, America's Holy of Holies. The huge auditorium is in almost total darkness. There is a curious sensation of incense and the strange emotional hush characteristic of religious worship. Far away on a bright rectangle of light I saw the

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face of Dolores Costello, priestess of Astarte, Ashtoreth, Ashtar-Chemosh, whom the Babylonians worship. An electric organ filled the temple with its murmuring; it grew louder and louder, crashing and storming upon the nerves until one's physical organization seemed to be disintegrated into shattering vibration; then it melted and grew softer and softer, only to wax again louder and louder until the whole building filled with its throbbing. Synchronized with the unfolding of the drama, the waves of sound and light played upon the senses of the mute and expectant congregation. One had either to abandon one's self passively to the excitement or go out. I got up from a deep, softly cushioned seat and escaped from that heavily drugged atmosphere into the streets, where I sucked in the open air and looked up in astonishment at the sky.

But the air was not fresh. Every city has its characteristic smell, and the smell of New York is a blending of ice cream and patchouli — a sickly mixture. I got into a tram and went miles and miles almost in a straight line downtown until I came to Number 1 Broadway, the offices of the International Mercantile Marine and the White Star line. Opposite me was the sea. I walked across a narrow strip of sordid grass, and the waves of the Atlantic Ocean were at my feet. There were high-tiered ferryboats moving in every direction to Brooklyn and New Jersey; a great liner was coming in. It was a Saturday afternoon, and scattered in groups over this small open corner of Manhattan Island were a number of dreary and vacant-eyed young men and women eating ice cream and stolidly chewing gum. Not far away across the water rose the stumpy, ungraceful Statue of Liberty. I was alone, and would be alone all that evening and the next day. I felt like any immigrant who might have just arrived in the Land of the Free, and, like any immigrant, I felt sick at heart and wondered what madness had brought me into the midst of this sordid and squalid wilderness of iron. For here the city was in its undress; the skyscrapers rose in their naked emptiness, Wall Street was not far off, but the fever of human voices which gives it its week-day glamour was gone. Here there was no hope for the hungry immigrant, nothing but the stark reality, the bleak bare facts of steel and stone, witness to the automatic energy of a vast mob of one hundred million people rushing from East to West and from West to East and dotting the continent with these desolating ant-heaps.

Here, downtown, is the older part of New York, where the streets still have names. To get back quickly uptown it is necessary to take the subway. You go underground. There is an office where you can get change, and then, putting in a nickel (five cents), you pass through clanging turnstiles on to the platform. There are no ticket collectors or porters. The turnstiles are in a constant uproar, and their harsh clanging would jangle the nerves of any but the most robust. There are express and local trains; the express whizzes you through ten or twenty blocks of streets at a time. The carriages are small, cheaply fitted, sordid, and uncomfortable. You look across at a line of nondescript cosmopolitan faces indifferently chewing gum. Here are the immigrants assimilated and free. In the downtown districts through which you are now passing you would find streets where you would hear hardly a word of English.

At the Grand Central Station I got out. From this station trains go to all parts of America, but the station is underground, and the railways are underground until they emerge on

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bridges or the mainland. The great marble hall of the station is a wonderful sight. Here you may see every type and degree of American. A posse of negro porters lounge and stroll nonchalantly about. I hesitate, and think I will go up into the street through the Commodore Hotel, a skyscraper whose foundations are implicated with those of the Grand Central Station. I ascend a flight of steps and I am in the lounge of the Commodore.

The lounges of the great American hotels are the meeting places of the middle classes. In the lounges of such hotels as the Commodore, the Biltmore, the Roosevelt, well-dressed men and women who are not residents are always idly sitting. They seem to have none of that unpleasant feeling of sham respectability which afflicts such people in a London hotel, and so the complementary sense of the disreputable is also missing. It is assumed that you have the money to pay for what you want, — if you want anything, — and the sense to behave with outward decorum. Nothing more is asked of you — you are in a free country. It is this seeming total absence of surveillance, of interference, of criticism implicit or explicit, which gives to such a city as New York its queer attractiveness. There is in New York no public opinion, no curiosity. The complete impersonality of the big hotel and the big store where no one watches you to see that you spend something is very soothing. The public rooms are really public. You may write letters, telephone, telegraph, interview friends, do business, live most of the day and night in a hotel, using it as if it were your club, without spending a cent that goes into the pockets of the proprietors, who provide these free anterooms as a setting to their spending departments, knowing that the public which uses the one will sooner or later use the other.

I had been told I must see the lounge of the Commodore, which was quite near the club where I lived. When I entered I thought I had been transported into the heart of a semitropic forest. Ferns and flowers grew up everywhere, and between great banks of foliage brightly clad women looked like huge and even stranger flowers, while all the time the air was filled with the trilling of innumerable canaries suspended everywhere in cages. It was an extraordinary scene, and characteristic of the vivid exotic unreality of New York.

That evening, as I stood more than twenty stories high upon the roof of the Yale Club and looked across East River, I saw a sight even more unreal. The skyscrapers were slender pinnacles of light, across the river crawled in every direction ferryboats that were just many-tiered electric palaces, and Brooklyn was one vast blaze netted with dark lines glittering beside the water. I remembered being told that they were planning Chicago for a population of one hundred millions, and I wondered what New York would look like in those days when a thousand million people are scurrying to and fro within the United States.

In New York I met several of those extremely cultivated and intelligent women, less rare in America than elsewhere, who have opinions of their own and do not merely echo the opinions of the set to which they belong. To my American friends I was an out-of-the-way visitor on a slightly mysterious errand — an agent for Haig's whiskey, perhaps; or in the Bolshevist secret service; or sent by W. R. Morris to buy out Henry Ford; at any rate, a gentleman very much incognito. So, in the course of conversation, they talked quite frankly, as they might have done to an American friend — about English writers visiting New York. I found

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myself suddenly listening to criticism whose devastating candor made me outwardly blush, and inwardly thankful that I had not tried to earn a single penny while I was in America by writing or lecturing.

For it appears that the Americans in private look upon almost all English writers as poverty-stricken individuals who visit their country solely because they are 'on the make.' Naturally extremely hospitable, they have seen their hospitality not only taken for granted almost as a natural right and tribute to English superiority, but outrageously abused. Guests who have been invited to stay for a few days have calmly stayed weeks; others invited for weeks have stayed months. Nearly all have expressed astonishment when staying with private people if their hosts' automobiles have not been waiting at the door from dawn until past midnight to carry them about. For the first time, I understood and sympathized with the American attitude to our war debts. It is the attitude of a rich man to a poor man who, when he is not frankly borrowing money from him, is sponging on him indirectly. The Americans are so polite that it is quite impossible to discover from their manner whether one is boring them or not, and it is so difficult for an Englishman not to imagine himself among the savages and barbarians on the outskirts of our Empire when he is in America that it is, perhaps, understandable that he never realizes how frequently he bores Americans.

The Englishman who is slightly pompous and stilted in London becomes automatically one hundred per cent more pompous and stilted in New York. He behaves thus because he has swallowed the absurd legend that Americans are less educated, less cultivated, and less intelligent than we are. It would be well for every Englishman visiting New York to assume the contrary; besides, it happens to be nearer the truth. The following story which was told to me represents the typical English attitude which makes us ridiculous. A well-known English novelist and his wife were staying as guests with a well-known American hostess. At a party given by this lady an American acquaintance of mine was present. After dinner the wife of the English novelist sang, and sang very indifferently, not to say badly. The applause was politely perfunctory, but more songs were proffered unrequested. The applause grew more politely perfunctory; whereupon the famous Englishman of letters, noticing this, remarked loftily: 'Those songs are by Hugo Wolf, and they take some understanding.' I know the name of the novelist in question, and I am certain that he would never have made such a remark in Paris, Berlin, Rome, or London; but so strongly are some of us under the illusion that Americans are wild and woolly Western barbarians that we become completely fatuous as soon as we step ashore at New York. My American friends declared that most English authors lecturing in America become so pompous that their voices stick in their throats. Even the most intelligent of English writers are occasionally led astray. One of the most brilliant of our younger novelists remarked to me last year: 'The Americans treat Europeans as if they were superior beings, *which indeed they are.*'

Of course, we have not been without excuses for such opinions. Americans have often shown a lamentable lack of discrimination and have rushed after our inferior and ignored our better writers. But does our English public not do this? The mob everywhere is the same; it is only the few who are different — and the ratio of that few to the many.

Judging from what I saw and heard

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on the other side of the Atlantic, it is England, not America, which is likely in the course of the next fifty years to become a backwater in which the stream of tradition and culture has become lost and stagnant. Numbers of contemporary French, Italian, German, and Spanish books are even now translated directly by American writers and published in New York before they appear in England, if they ever do so. And it is not true to suggest that here people read them in the original language. Far more Americans than English read and talk French and Italian fluently. There are far more Americans than English traveling every year in Europe. The annual pilgrimage from New York to Cherbourg is largely a pilgrimage of young people athirst for knowledge and experience; it is not, as with us, mainly made up of successful old men and rich women acquiring health expensively on the Riviera.

And the conventional idea that American women are either shallow, smart, and devoid of all culture or garrulous bluestockings is wide of the mark. The best description of the young American girl in our literature is in a wholly forgotten but excellent novel by Laurence Oliphant, entitled *Altiora Peto*, published more than forty years ago. Laurence Oliphant was the Aldous Huxley of his age, and he saw the American young woman with a fresh, unbiased, but critical eye, and he saw that she was very good. Her chief handicap is her harem. No sound civilization can be built up when one of the two sexes is confined in a harem. 'Let the men out of the harem!' should be the slogan of America; and once this is achieved, the possibilities of America for a great cultural future that will surpass that of Egypt, Greece, or the European Renaissance are great indeed.

For in America, as elsewhere, the original creative activity comes only from men. The circulation of the *American Mercury* — which is perhaps the greatest civilizing influence in the country — is about one hundred and ten thousand. This is about twenty times the circulation of any comparable English magazine, although America's population is only two and a half times ours. Of this hundred and ten thousand perhaps a hundred thousand are women, and the same proportion holds good for all the best American magazines and reviews. But the *American Mercury* is the creation of two men, H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, and I think we have here in microcosm the ratio between the creative minority and the assimilating majority which holds good for the entire American population.

The great disparity between the circulation of good magazines and reviews in America and in this country is in itself proof of the great intellectual liveliness of the New World. For, even if we allow that a higher percentage of Americans are born fools who by accident, habit, or snobbery read what they don't understand, we are still left with a greater number of intelligent readers in proportion to the population there than here. Nor are the American newspapers worse than ours; they are only different. They exploit sensations with more virtuosity, but they don't try to make everything sensational as our newspapers do.

These reflections occurred to me as I sat in the dining-room of a charming lady who had told me an amusing story at our national expense which I am not permitted to relate here. I had been critical of New York, but in a burst of sudden enthusiasm I expressed my expectations of the future greatness of America. At that moment I heard a carillon. 'That is Rockefeller's church,' she said. 'It is just opposite me in Park Avenue, and on Sundays it goes all day long, but, thank heaven, they are going

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to move it.' 'What, the church?' I inquired. 'Yes; they are building another in a skyscraper on Riverside Drive.' 'What is Rockefeller Junior like?' I asked. 'Too awful,' she replied. And then she told me of the Criticism Club to which she belonged, and I slowly saddened, for I was now hearing about a seamy side of America which I will not describe, as it has been described *ad nauseam* and with the greatest gusto by English writers. But I have something to say about another church.

Through one of his daughters — once again the initiative and enterprise came from woman — I met one of the best and most successful of American architects. He lived in one of the three greatest of American cities, and employed a staff of eighty draftsmen and architects. We traveled together from New York to Cherbourg, and we talked for hours every day. As an ignorant layman, I asked him why it was that skyscrapers could not be built of glass and steel, eliminating all brick and other material. The explanation, of course, was the lack of elasticity in glass. All skyscrapers sway laterally in the wind, and so any substance as brittle as glass would splinter into fragments. But perhaps cheap elastic glass or some similar translucent substance may be found, and then we shall have those cities of amethyst, diamond, and turquoise which have been described by Hebrew poets dreaming of a New Jerusalem.

In the meantime, the Germans are busy experimenting with a method of building rigid structures of any height. If skyscrapers could be built absolutely rigid the whole art of building would be transformed. But these were not the matters which perturbed my American friend. He had other troubles. He used to sit day after day, the centre of a knot of American business men — the sort of men who in the evening paid forty or fifty pounds for a ticket in the daily pool on the boat's run, winning or losing with equanimity. He talked and they listened. He was a short, thick-set man of forty-seven, with thick graying dark hair, a humorous mouth, and imaginative eyes — not at all the American type, with its large jaw and cold, pebble-eyed lifelessness. His ancestors had originally come from France about a hundred and fifty years ago, and he was the architect of his own fortune, — as well as of innumerable skyscrapers, — having risen from comparative poverty

Like all good men, he was terribly overworked, and every few years had to rush away to Europe to avoid a breakdown. For the first two days on board he would sleep twenty hours out of the twenty-four; then he would emerge, drink a bottle of champagne, and be recuperated, brimming with vitality and ideas. He complained to me that his clients and business friends all said to him: 'Don't think; what is the good of it? Why worry?' For this man, who was consulted on all sides, and had in his power the distribution of millions of dollars of contracts annually, since he was quite unable even with his staff of eighty to take on more than a fraction of the work offered to him — this very rich and successful architect wanted to be a second Michelangelo and to rival the builders of the Pyramids. He dreamed of constructing great and original works of art that would answer all the requirements of the America that was to come and would last for thousands and thousands of years. Just as Phidias recreated Greece in the Parthenon and the builders of the Pyramids embalmed there the spirit of Egypt, so he wished to construct before he died the spirit of America in eternal silhouette against the sky. He was an ambitious man.

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But none of his clients shared these dreams of his, and, although in Chicago men might talk glibly about planning the city *now* for a future population of one hundred millions, his clients all complained when he declared that he wanted more time to think out his designs: 'Why think? Why bother? We only want the building to last twenty years; the capital will then be amortized, and we can pull the damn thing down.' *Pull the damn thing down.* What words to comfort an architect, a twentieth-century Phidias or Michelangelo at his daily task! No wonder he should grow haggard with thought! No wonder he should be driven — not by education, not by a mere dead highbrow traditional snobbery, but by the radical instinct of self-preservation — to reflect and criticize the civilization in which he was entoiled, a civilization which condemned all his labor and thought, his very creative soul, to almost immediate and utter extinction!

So I sat and listened to this man's bitter denunciations to the business men around him of the fatuousness of their blind, aimless destructivity. Then one day he told us about the church, the new Episcopalian church that was to be built in New York, for which unlimited millions were to be poured out like so much water — the new church in which New York society would sit and listen to sermons about Lindbergh or whatever happened to be the topic of the hour, but whose prestige was already in danger because too many Jews were demanding admission. A committee had been appointed to look after the building of this church, and after long deliberation a body of architects had been chosen. They were given a free hand, and they were sent to tour Europe and Asia for ideas. Here in the capital of the New World the multimillionaire rulers of one hundred million people were going to erect regardless of expense a building that would be a credit to everybody. And, after due deliberation, the architects produced their plan, which was unanimously accepted, accepted with applause. And one would have imagined that this plan was beneath the power of any human brain to conceive. It was this — to reproduce in miniature with absolute accuracy, in the finest material, the cathedral of Chartres. 'Chartres in a lemon-squeezer!' laughed my American architect derisively. This miniature Chartres will, in due course, be erected uptown in New York, and it will probably be the only building in New York destined to survive the next hundred years. For who will want to pull it down? A sixty-story skyscraper can be replaced by a hundred-story skyscraper; steel and cement may be replaced by a metal as light as air and a material as transparent as glass; but what can replace a church but another church? And, as the Episcopalian verities have been enshrined for all time perfectly and finally in Chartres, there is nothing to be done but scrupulously to reproduce Chartres. This decision made by a representative committee of millionaires and architects is really an expression of transcendental logic. But why, it may be asked, did they not decide to build Chartres in exactly the same size as the original, or much larger? Ah, here we have an example of the impeccable taste of Americans. A larger Chartres would be vulgar. An equal Chartres would be silly. A miniature Chartres is choice and exquisite. Moreover, it accords with the gradual shrinking of the congregations of the Episcopalian Church; it is a symbol of the religion which, founded on the rock of Peter, has shrunk into a perfect crystal upon the rock of Manhattan.

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TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF OPERA

FROM HANDEL TO JAZZ

HANDEL IN LONDON [1]

ITALIAN opera had become increasingly popular in London during the last third of the seventeenth century, but it did not reach its peak until Handel took charge of the Royal Academy of Music, now known as the Royal Haymarket Theatre, in 1719. For ten years he presented a continual succession of new operatic productions, sung by a world-famous caste and accompanied by a brilliant orchestra. Nor was his own virtuosity on the piano the least of the effects contributing to the unbroken series of successes that musical London hailed with such enthusiasm. On the twenty-seventh of April, 1720, Handel's first production, *Radamisto*, was performed at the Haymarket, and in June 1728 his ninth season came to an end and the Academy of Music ceased functioning in the form it had assumed hitherto.

The enterprise had been undertaken by a group of speculators and financiers, but, in spite of the regular contributions from the King and the higher aristocracy, it obviously could not flourish. The financial interests were largely responsible for the failure, because they had lost heavily in the widespread mania for speculation. But there were internal difficulties as well. As might have been expected when the leading singers from all over Europe were gathered together in a single company, disputes, scandals, and jealousies of every sort broke out among the prima donnas. Things reached such a pass that in 1727 the two chief rivals, Cuzzoni and Faustina, engaged in a fist fight on the stage, the result of their disgraceful behavior being that they laid Italian opera open to satirical attacks from musical and literary quarters. Swift, Pope, Addison, and others took up the cudgels and opposed Italian opera on patriotic grounds.

Their most effective weapon took the shape of comic musical plays written in a vein of burlesque that was very popular at that time, and embodying various folk and drinking songs. Politics, society, and the stage were the usual subjects held up to ridicule. One of the most successful of these was John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, which was first presented at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in January 1728, and which parodied Handel's music and his opera house. As a result, Handel and the directors of the Academy had to cease operations for a time and rebuild their enterprise on an entirely different foundation.

The last performance at the Royal Academy of Music took place in June 1728, and the opera presented was Handel's *Admet*, which had made its first appearance on the thirty-first of January, 1727. Just before this, in April 1928, *Tolomeo* was first put on, its last performance in that run occurring on the eleventh of May. Professor Christian Gabriel Fischer, who was stopping in London at the time in the

[1] By Dr. Albert Predeek, in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *December* 28 and 29

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course of a cultural tour of Europe, wrote a number of letters describing these two operas. They are of particular interest because they embody the impressions of a contemporary who saw and heard for himself the distinguished artists whose reputations spread through all the world. On the eleventh of May, Fischer heard Cuzzoni, Faustina, Senesino, Boschi, and Baldi sing together for the last time in the presence of the Royal Court. In the performance of *Admet*, which our invariably accurate traveler attended on the fifth of June, and not on the first as the Handel literature on the subject has always maintained, an English singer, Mme. Wright, sang in place of Cuzzoni. We now quote from Fischer's letters.

May 11, 1728

During our absence, Mr. Dilger procured free passes to the new Italian opera that was performed to-day. As soon as we had eaten and dressed ourselves properly, we sallied forth to the theatre, which is only a block away from our lodgings. The auditorium was crowded, and bore ample testimony to the distinction of this city. On account of the mourning for George I, the women only wore precious stones by way of finery, while the men were all dressed in black, though underneath they wore the bands of various orders — some blue, some red, and some green. When the King and Queen entered the whole audience applauded, whereupon both sovereigns acknowledged their reception most graciously. As soon as the royal suite had taken their places the music began, and presently the curtain rose. The plot of the opera is explained in parallel texts of English and Italian, and the King held in his hands a beautifully bound copy of this libretto.

The scene of the first act was laid at sea, the setting being very well done; the second presented a field with peasants' cottages on it; and the third was a forest through which the sun was shining. The actors included five singers and twelve or fourteen others who did not sing. The names of the singers were displayed in front of the theatre. Their costumes, especially those of Faustina and Senesino, were very fine, being made of velvet decorated with real gold and silver, and bordered with white lace. Senesino is a castrato of about thirty, very handsome, medium-sized, and well proportioned. He has a lovely alto voice and an easy, *affectuoso* way of acting. Boschi is also an Italian of good stature, but he is rather pock-marked. He has a beautiful and virile bass voice that is not too strong, but effective, deep, and penetrating. He excels in pathetic rôles.

Signora Cuzzoni is an Italian of about thirty, small, blonde, and pretty, but with rather a thin face. She has a lovely clear soprano voice, acts *doucement*, and is better as a shepherdess than as a royal princess. She has many admirers to applaud her. Faustina Bordoni, the other Italian girl, is almost as old as Cuzzoni. She is small and pretty, with a clear, though not pure white, complexion. She has high black eyebrows and well-rounded breasts; she carries her nose high in the air, and knows how to bear herself with distinction. She is a natural actress, and cuts a fine figure on the stage. Her high notes are not so exquisite as those of Cuzzoni, but they are charming none the less.

By the time any four of these singers gets halfway through an aria, the whole audience begins to applaud. In fact, this happens all too often. Even the King and Queen show the pleasure they take in the singing, and as the opera progresses an interpreter stands

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before the royal chairs reciting the text. The music at the performance I attended was excellently arranged, though it would never have been so good had not all the musicians been virtuosos.

It cannot, however, be hard for the performers to do their best when they are paid so handsomely. The singers receive thousands of thalers a year, besides what any charming woman earns from appearing privately for members of the local aristocracy. The opera house is supported by a society to which the King belongs. The receipts from the spectators are counted up annually, and various gentlemen make up any deficit there may be. If there is a profit, it is deposited in the bank, where it collects interest.

June 5, 1728

In the evening the opera, *Admeto, Re di Tessaglia*, was performed. Mme. Wright, an Englishwoman, sang in this, but Faustina took the leading rôle. Signora Cuzzoni could not take part, as she was expecting a baby. The Wright woman was greeted with great applause, for the English favor people of their own country. She has a lovely voice, true, clear, and effective. She has spent a long time in Italy, and she sings well, but rather timidly, and her acting is very insipid. Her appearance is neither beautiful nor ugly. She is medium-sized, rather plump, with a smooth face and flat nose.

When Faustina first sang, the audience were not so favorably disposed toward her as toward the English singer, but when she appeared in the second and third acts in the costly costume of a Roman gentleman, and acted just as superbly as she sang, everyone's admiration went out to her, and the other actors looked miserable in comparison with her and Senesino. The singing of the Wright woman and of Faustina differ in the same way that the babblings of a child differ from the sensible speech of a man.

As a dispassionate and unprejudiced observer who has had an opportunity to see for himself the gifts and abilities of all these artists, I can only say that Faustina has ten times as much talent as Cuzzoni or the Wright woman. I do not believe that anyone could sing more artistically, more effectively, or better than that Italian woman. Anyone who has not heard her could not conceive how any human being would be able to attain such perfection and have her voice in such complete control that it responds to her artistic desires better than any instrument. Not Mr. Handel himself at the piano, not even the most skillful violinist, not even the expert who accompanies Faustina on the bugle, can match her manner. She is equally effective in humorous and sad arias; and she acts with as much pathos and ease as she sings. I was all the more amazed at this when I reflected that she had to combine so many arts. She had to sing, to create a character, to use her intelligence, to ignore many elements in the auditorium, and bring the greatest skill and art to bear on creating harmony out of extremely difficult music.

It is noticeable that Faustina is highly esteemed by the ones who know most. Things that arouse Cuzzoni's jealousy awaken Faustina's ambition. The former is the older of the two, but the latter always wants to play the leading rôle, and this makes for trouble on all hands. Cuzzoni is married to a violinist who earns a lot of money giving lessons and does not want to leave the country. Senesino and Faustina, on the other hand, send most of the money they earn out of the country and back to Italy, which annoys patriotic Englishmen and gives them an excuse to shut down the opera at

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the earliest moment. Many of the rich people who support the opera are falling behind with their subscriptions, and even the King has not contributed his usual amount. The prophecy is therefore being made that the company will disband this summer — which is a pity, because Italians who are visiting here say that the performers will not be treated any better in Italy. Senesino, Cuzzoni, and Faustina all receive a regular annual salary of fifteen hundred thalers apiece, besides numerous gifts.

Originally, each of the artists received the entire proceeds of one performance a year, which brought them almost as much as their annual salaries. This, however, caused such a reduction in the Academy's receipts that the practice was abandoned. Senesino must have had some enemy here, for there is a malicious etching that represents him with a tiny head, a huge body, and long legs; though Faustina is depicted as in real life.

The plot of the last opera I saw is described in the printed booklet. The instrumental music was extraordinarily beautiful, and Mr. Handel played a grand piano.

In the last of his letters Fischer gives his impressions of the *Beggar's Opera*. It is not an exaggerated account. The very title, *Beggar's Opera*, was intended to serve as a contrast to the real opera in Haymarket, and it fitted perfectly the dirty surroundings and untidy clothes of the audience.

June 11, 1728

In the evening we went to the English opera house in Listerfield, where the *Beggar's Opera* is being performed. Out of national pride and out of jealousy of the Italian opera singers, the English have built an opera house of their own. In construction it slightly resembles the Italian one, and they have composed a piece which is entitled, *per contemptum* for the opposite party, *The Beggar's Opera*. Since a copy of this opera is enclosed, I shall say no more about its substance.

This opera was intended to satirize the common English criminal, but it is a tasteless and disgusting exhibition. You see on the stage nothing but sluts, prostitutes, criminals, and yokels, dressed in wretched clothing. The kind of talk such characters indulge in can be easily imagined. The arias, which were the only parts that were sung and set to music, consist of the commonest drinking songs. The performers are not musicians at all. Only a few of the women have good voices, and probably cannot sing anything except these arias. In short, the troupe would make better comedians than it would opera singers.

Yet the English enjoy this opera so much that the same piece has been presented fifty times in succession, and the run is not over yet. The opera house is always full, and in spite of their miserable singing the performers are hailed with the loudest applause. It is said that Faustina sent this opera to Italy to give her native country an example of English taste. The text of the opera and the music of the arias are printed together, as the enclosed copy shows, and the refrains are so simple that people sing them in all the beer-houses. There is not a beggar on the streets who cannot recite and sing the entire opera.

JAZZ IN VIENNA [2]

[In our April 15, 1927, issue we commented on the production of Ernst Krenek's jazz opera, *Jonny Spielt Auf*

[2] By Dr. Ernst Decsey, in *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (weekly supplement, Vienna Liberal daily), *January* 7

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(Jonny Strikes Up), which was first performed in Leipzig a year ago and has since been performed in Berlin as well. The fact that Vienna, with the finest opera in Europe, has taken up this new work would indicate that it may well become a classic of our time.]

At last it has happened. Black Jonny, wearing his white derby and playing his fiddle and banjo, has won a decisive victory in the Vienna State Opera House.

The directors and the conductor who had to lead the orchestra set their teeth and went through with it, but their souls were devastated. Half of them prayed for artistic failure, the other half for commercial success. They wanted to reduce the deficit and at the same time to show the public the futility of modern art — to prove that modernity shouts but cannot sing.

The unexpected has happened. *Jonny* is an artistic triumph and a huge financial success; he 'struck up' with a vengeance — there is no doubt about that. The two first evenings brought sixty thousand schillings into the box office. The public was in an ecstasy. There were dozens of curtain calls, and deafening applause. The chap with the banjo conquered the stalwartly defended citadel. Common, everyday Jonny, the scorn of the aristocratic opera, penetrated the holy of holies and showed his real worth. The audience paid unheard-of prices for seats in the profaned temple, which proved quite as amusing as it ever had in its purer days.

The terrible has happened! Believers in old-fashioned traditions have lost another battle. Opera, having been pronounced dead, has suddenly leaped out of its coffin to mock its futile detractors. The success of this new piece does not, however, lie in its external triumph, but in its complicated, restless presentation, in its stuff and substance.

The revolution was consummated the moment Jonny first danced across the stage. When the whole Opera was turned into the familiar succession of streets, electric-light signs, stations, hotels, and all the other fantasies of modern life, when this midnight-express kind of music first struck our ears, the fight was won.

People can criticize *Jonny* as much as they please; they can rail at the score, and talk of pestilence and cholera; they can make just as sour faces as they please. But it will do them no good. There he is, my friends; and I am delighted that I was there, too!

Opera as a form of art has been turning into a pudgy, fat creature while musical comedies, moving pictures, revues, and plays have been enlivening our technical apparatus. The opera dwelt in the past, as if Mozart did not have the stuff of revolution in him, as if Chaikovskii, Puccini, Charpentier, Leoncavallo, and even Verdi as we know him in *Traviata*, were not men of our time. The opera wore the moony trappings of romanticism; it was a world of evening cloaks; and the first telephone we ever heard appeared in Strauss's *Intermezzo*.

Jonny's thoughts, however, took a new direction. In a time when Marconi sends wireless waves telling of distress at sea, have you no fear left? On with the loud-speakers and locomotives! Romance brought in the 9.15 long hence, and any apparatus, any piece of machinery, is suited to the opera, provided it cannot be filed in a card catalogue. Everything that music can express is permitted — the depths of the Rhine, hotel terraces, glaciers, dragons, sewing machines, goat teams, automobiles. With one terrific spring Jonny has retrieved the opera from

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neglect and turned the horn of Oberon into a slide trombone.

Once upon a time this was all in the imagination, like the discovery of America and the airplane. But Ernst Krenek was the man of the hour. He had the decisive courage to break the egg of Columbus. Perhaps he is merely talented; perhaps he is a genius. I do not know. But, discoverer or inventor, in any case he is the man of the hour. Krenek had written voluminously — chamber music, orchestral music, and vocal music — before he attacked this opera. And he went to this task with no thoughts of immortality, merely trying to construct a practical piece of theatrical material. Perhaps he just wanted to create a number of good rôles. In any case, he himself has played his part more capably than anyone else, because it is thoroughly fresh and ingenuous. My own enthusiasm testifies to that.

Krenek is of Czech descent and was born in Vienna twenty-seven years ago. He is also a born musician with a thoroughly journalistic temperament, whose merits resemble those of Dickens. Krenek's work is in the newspaper tradition, just as his technique is in the operatic tradition. He has a keen eye, a nose for news, and a feeling for actuality that penetrates all his nerves. He discerns poetry in ordinary affairs. He hears lyrics where others only hear noise. He finds his material in everyday affairs — in the railway stations and on the streets. He finds it in life itself, and not in books; and it is extraordinary how hard he hits you.

He did not stagnate in Vienna, where young and old went about with stooped shoulders, but he traveled abroad — in Paris, in Switzerland, where he made the acquaintance of a new public and discovered what that public yearned for. Having the courage to apply his knowledge of the world, he has given us a *mixtum compositum* of revue, operetta, moving pictures, jazz, and comic and real opera that remains opera none the less and that is enriched by each new element it contains. The theatre, he said to himself, consists of change and contrast. It is the life of this whole gaudy universe, the brightest and faintest rays that shine from the heavens.

Here we go! Station lanterns dance like fireflies through the night of his fancy. Let mere men speak prose as usual. Here we have an exalted, unique dialect. Let us make an opera of it — exciting, amusing, not in the least pathetic, and, most important of all, comprehensible. Let us feel that the characters are alive, and let us have them experience the same emotions we do, and not emotions foreign to us. Let everyone understand everything that is happening. A writer and composer who despises his public never bores them. He is a veritable *maître de plaisir*. Furthermore, all innovators are alike — they never repeat things that have been often repeated before. Wagner expressed this when he said: 'My spirit thirsts for what has never happened.' That is Krenek's philosophy of the stage, the Jonny philosophy (*Jonnysmus*) of 1928.

The plot? Two plots develop smoothly — occasionally too smoothly to suit my taste. But some theatrical expert has put it all together very cleverly. One plot deals with the neurasthenic Max, a composer and a typical representative of the old school, sentimental about nature and indecisive — a Hamlet on a glacier. The other theme is woven about the apelike, roguish Jonny, a negro banjo-player, a violin-thief, a seducer of women, and an entirely fresh figure on the opera stage.

Between the two is a mixed modern type, Daniello, a handsome, effeminate

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virtuoso, sweet and vain, a Pied Piper of Hamelin. 'I am king of the fiddle,' he says. He runs away with Max's friend Anita, the singer, and plays him false with her. But Jonny steals Daniello's Amati violin and sneaks it into Max's traveling baggage. Max is arrested; Daniello is run over by a locomotive; Max is freed, leaps wildly on an express to Amsterdam, and rushes away to America with Anita. The clock in the station turns into a representation of the earth, on top of which Jonny sits playing to humanity the universal dance of jazz. This symbolism is the climax, and suddenly the show closes on a note of comedy. The entire cast appear in front of the curtain, roaring with laughter, Daniello the happiest of all. It is a game, and the players turn to the spectators saying, 'Jonny has played, and we've danced to his piping.'

The author of this piece did not write at a desk, but in the theatre itself. You notice that at once. There are many humorous little skits — Max waiting, with a cigarette in his hand, for Anita's arrival, and the subsequent disentanglement of their differences. One scene misses fire, — the ride in the automobile, — but that is a matter of small importance, for it is the whole thing that counts, and the whole thing remains effective.

The production moves to the tempo of our time, to a motorlike rhythm, and love itself throbs to a new pulse.

Hardly thirty years have passed since the last protests against the ardor of Tristan and the bloodthirstiness of the Valkyries subsided. It is not twenty years since *Salome* had to be defended. To-day its composer is a classic. Since Bizet, since Mozart, even since Gottfried von Strassburg, the librettos have always been considered frightfully immoral; and immorality can be discerned in our scheme of things to-day. The violin virtuoso and the diva cannot remain in style forever. He cannot languish even through two acts, and our time has no time for an Isolde. People come to the theatre, look at what is happening, and decide at once whether they like the performance or not. One whispered word at eventide and doors open. Couples disappear. '*Comme tu es beau! Viens, viens . . . !*'

But the music proved the decisive element. It lifted the whole performance to its own level. Krenek gives us a picture of each of his characters. He shows us Anita, the ever-amorous singer, he shows us the overtragic Max, the lustful little servant-girl, the raging manager, and the Charleston-stamping Jonny. Picture upon picture. And the orchestra does not mangle all the characters into a single common pulp. It is lean, athletic, slender.

Everything falls into its natural sphere. The glacier scene is accompanied by a mysterious female chorus; the atmosphere of the station is conveyed by ringing bells; the hotel is represented by a muffled jazz band. And everything is permeated with the calm elegance of the man about town. The whole production savors of a new feeling for life, a new picture of the world, a sprightly, rhythmical sensation. Shimmy dances, Charlestons, tangos, alternate with deep chorals. And the music never proves boring. Something is always happening — something amusing, never anything ornamental or overdecorated. Discords resolve themselves into harmonies which the unwilling ear enjoys in spite of itself. And I am no Odysseus to stop my ears with wax when the sirens sing.

The score unrolls like a highly colored, elaborate carpet. It includes melodies without cadence, passages of pure rhythm, dissonances, such chords

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as one hears in church, and negro spirituals. The one pathetic note is the superb spiritual that Jonny sings standing on the piano accompanied by a slide trombone. You thrill when this theme is repeated later, and you even enjoy hearing the glacier motif again during the scene in Max's room.

On the whole, the music is unharmonious, although there are those who label Krenek a second Strauss, just as people labeled Strauss a second Wagner twenty years ago, and Wagner a second Meyerbeer twenty years before that. The past is always called to mind. Comparative reminiscence is the Sunday sport of tyros. In the customs inspection that I applied to Krenek's musical baggage I discovered no smuggled wares; and even if I had, what difference would it have made? I know that certain mountain peaks stand supreme — Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner; and we are all pygmies in comparison — all of us.

Krenek's mechanical orchestration soon went to my heart. The day before the first performance an interview appeared in one of the Vienna papers wherein the Director of the Opera called jazz a mass of barbarism, a pestilence and cholera, a plague and affliction, death and the devil, and who knows what else besides. That night I listened attentively, and heard a splendid performance full of style. Use was made of jazz whistles, sirens, xylophones, flexatones, castanets — even a fly-swatter figured; but where were the evidences of barbarism, plague, and pestilence? In many operas I have heard ordinary instruments making nothing but noise. In *Jonny* the noise of extraordinary instruments made music.

But the greatest thing of all is what the music does not do, rather than what it does. It is often most effective when it is most quiet, when it is free from the springtime floods of overflowing passion. Krenek has apparently borrowed this technique from the prince of composers, Mozart; and he has borrowed successfully. I do not know whether *Jonny* is a masterpiece, or whether it represents the future shape that opera will assume, but in any case it gives us in general outlines some idea of what we may expect, and that is sufficient.

After the first performance one of our most highly esteemed older composers announced: 'That marks the end of the smug tradition.' Right enough. Smugness ceased with Strauss's *Salome*, though that was branded a fake when it first appeared. The same cry went up over Carmen, whom the old-fashioned Europeans called a mere wench. We hear the cry again to-day, because smugness always ceases when something new appears, and smugness was never the aim of opera.

I do not know Ernst Krenek, but I am glad that such a man exists. I do not know whether he has composed all this opera himself, or whether he has put together a number of popular tunes. I only say it is a joy to be a critic when for once you discover a real man, a good fellow. There is plenty of room in my heart for both Mozart and Krenek, and I am not old enough to swear my allegiance to any one god. Thank heaven, art is protean; new faces appear, and a great tradition renews itself.

Krenek's *Jonny* brings us a new type of opera, a new character, a new form of musical truth. It makes me think of Pythagoras, who sacrificed a hecatomb — a hundred oxen — to the gods when he proved his theorem. Ever since that day all the oxen in the world have quaked with terror whenever a new truth has appeared.

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IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN[1]

BY GASTON RAGEOT

THE saying that a Frenchman does not like to learn new lessons is no longer true to-day, for we have begun traveling about in the world. Nevertheless, how many of us see in the countries that we visit anything more than the guidebooks describe, or find anything that we have not previously read about in the papers? Even abroad we are less concerned with truth than with certainty, and, in connection with politics and social conditions, our chief concern is to feel ourselves firmly established. Let us never forget that we are all disciples of Descartes, and, if I may say so, that we are more used to reasoning than we are to observing. But this national trait is slowly tending to disappear, and we are beginning to misunderstand our neighbors and clients a little less than we once did. Perhaps the time is not far distant when we shall find in our governments an excellent means of propaganda.

In any case, here is a nation geographically close to us and ethnically even closer — a nation that is beginning to adapt itself to material progress in much the same way that the Japanese are; a nation that offers us the most curious and instructive example of political experience witnessed in Europe in recent years. What a lesson it is for all those who believe that some day a science of politics and economics will be developed similar to physics and chemistry!

Before the war I once sailed from Morocco to Almería. Here I joined a caravan of mules, accompanying it, over roads that were nothing more or less than river beds, through the Sierra de Guadix to Granada. I visited Andalusia, Seville, Cordoba, and Giralda. I saw everything, from cigarette factories to mosques. It was an æsthetic journey of romantic exploration.

Recently I made an automobile trip through Castile and Catalonia. I was in a sleeping car all the way from the Portuguese frontier to the French, and I no longer dreamed of Théophile Gautier, nor of the Marquesa d'Amaegui of whom de Musset sang, nor of serenades and castanets. Instead my thoughts dwelt on the American company that had installed automatic telephones such as we have not yet got in Paris, and on the little villages that had been dimly lighted by kerosene lamps ten years ago.

When our Ambassador invited me to give an address on the subject of romanticism in one of the rooms of the Embassy, I had an opportunity to recall the literary services that Spain had rendered France. Is n't it remarkable that at the beginning of all our great movements Spain was there to inspire both the tragic genius of the author of *Le Cid* and the lyric genius of the poet who wrote the *Orientales?* Nor did I have to dwell on the fact that we are again investigating and admiring the painters, the novelists, and the musicians on the other side of the Pyrenees — a statement that gave obvious pleasure. In conclusion I could only say

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *January 7*

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that, if romanticism was throwing its beams upon both England and Germany, its origins were essentially European, its form was essentially French, and its nature essentially Spanish. In return for my efforts I was enormously pleased to discover that the audience not only understood French, but even grasped the subtlest nuances of the language surely and quickly.

I am aware that it was an audience of the elect, but it is an error spread by snobs in every country to believe that the elect are distinct from the rest of the nation to which they belong. They are different only in degree, not in nature. The elect have above all else the air of being able to internationalize themselves more quickly — take, for instance, the variety of automobiles they own.

But people don't use an automobile in the same way everywhere. Go for a ride in the Bois de Bologne of Madrid some fine June evening between eight and half-past, — for they dine at nine-thirty here, — and remember that it is unseeemly to get out and walk. Up and down a wide but very short street the automobiles follow each other in a slow procession, turning round at each end, while you bow and smile to your friends through the smoky atmosphere. The King himself makes this little excursion, or *retiro* as it is called. Is this not an utterly Spanish adaptation of the universal gasoline engine?

On the way from Madrid to Toledo I received my liveliest impression of the sudden and extreme modernization of Spain. Nothing is more bare than a Castilian landscape — no trees, nothing but *norias* and a few houses of baked clay. But nowadays there are poles also — poles that carry the electric light and the American telephone. Yet it remains an essentially royal road. Not only is it excellent, but it is always being repaired — nearly every kilometre you encounter squads of workmen with the most perfect outfit of tools. And how many roads in Spain are kept up just as well as this one! The care of automobile highways is a study by itself. When shall we in France understand that bad roads are scars on the face of the landscape?

Madrid is a particularly interesting capital to visit just now, because of the way its past is vanishing. After the visitor has made his pilgrimage to the admirable museum and seen the paintings of Velásquez and Goya, he is finished with his art. A symbolic contrast to the museum is provided by the enormous mystical structure on the opposite side of the Prado, not far from the international palaces. This is the headquarters of the postal and telephone services, 'Our Lady of Communications.'

Wide avenues, lovely gardens, glaring publicity. The houses, of a rather complicated, emphatic style, stand separate from each other like palaces, preserving an atmosphere of individuality. The population circulates without the exuberance one usually associates with the South, but it possesses real character — an air of activity rather than of idleness. The Spaniard is rather cold and well balanced. He relaxes naturally, but when he works he throws himself into his task as whole-heartedly as he does into his passions. Every Sunday thirteen thousand seats in the old bull-ring of this new city are packed with people, but soon a new *plaza* that will hold more than twenty thousand spectators will replace the present structure. The bullfighting tradition lives on feverishly.

Never in my life had I seen so many straw hats and parasols as packed this excited gathering. The fights, however, are becoming more modern, which means that they are not so good as they used to be. The toreadors are coura-

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geous men, but they are less skillful than their predecessors, and enjoy less prestige. It is as if the art of bullfighting, like all other difficult professions, were disappearing.

The day that I attended a fight they tried to protect the horses with shields. The results were deplorable. The picador would be dislodged and fall off every time, and the bull whose horns had wounded him would become really dangerous. Not a single fight I saw aroused universal enthusiasm. For my own part, I have always believed that a bullfight is only effective by chance, by a combination of circumstances that rarely occur. The only real emotion that still survives to-day is a kind of agonized, tense expectation for some development that never happens.

Once you take up this nervous sport you become a frenzied addict. The bulls are never fierce enough, the *spadas* are never clever enough, the danger is never great enough, and the hoped-for paroxysm of excitement never comes. I hasten to add that football games are now as popular as the bull-ring. Nevertheless, it is fine to see a nation continuing an archaic custom with all the more fervor because progress threatens to deprive it of its charms and thrills.

A minister who is also an illustrious writer and a delicate psychologist said to me the other day that the modern professional ambassador was rapidly tending to represent the country he was visiting more than the country that owned him. The justice of this observation led me to thank M. Peretti della Rocca for the objective impartiality with which he discussed the political situation in Spain with me. Every possible element of interest is present in this situation. How long a time did this astounding transformation of an entire country take, and how was it accomplished?

This led me to ask exactly what sort of person Primo de Rivera is. I suspect that nobody in France really knows. And perhaps the most melancholy thing about this man who came into power overnight, and who feels the precariousness of his position as much as he does the power, is that the country he loves best of all utterly misunderstands his character and his work.

Two forces sustain him at the present time, two moral forces — the loyalty of the King, whose monarchy he has probably preserved in peaceful prosperity; and the impersonal but unanimous satisfaction of a nation that is naturally indifferent to politics but is aware of its present state of tranquil well-being. The truth is that Primo is a humorist, a temporizer, a powerful but joyful human being. He began with only one clear idea — to establish order in a country where order did not exist. Setting out from he knew not where, with the army behind him, he has arrived he knows not where, and finds the army against him, for it too he has submitted to the all-pervading discipline. He is the opposite of a despot; he moves about and lives like the simplest citizen. He has no police protection; he has set up no material organization to administer his government. Mussolini reigns through his troops; Primo reigns in spite of his troops, which he has sent forth to battle in Morocco. He stands alone.

Republican France, and especially our Radical-Socialist press, makes the mistake of confusing Primo with other enemies of liberty. Primo adores Herriot, and he is the most sincere and natural friend our country has in Spain. Since he keeps in touch with everything, I hope that this article, coming to his attention, will at least show him that well-informed people do him justice and take the trouble to spread the

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truth as they have discovered it. You are free in Spain, whether you are a Spaniard or a foreigner; and the country's visible prosperity is the result and the symbol of this state of liberty. To be sure, Primo de Rivera, a modern Cromwell, has locked the Chamber of Deputies and put the key in his pocket. He has accomplished his work illegally, and his whole difficulty now lies in finding some means of escape that will not compromise his achievements.

At the beginning of this article I spoke of political experience, and here it is. Spain has really developed since she has given up her Parliament. I do not mean to draw one of those anti-parliamentary conclusions that terrify certain ill-informed people in France. It is, however, only necessary to look at the situation at close range — scientifically, as it were — to perceive that parliamentary life is a luxury people cannot afford at any period in their history. Spain was losing itself in a mass of political byplay. Primo de Rivera saved the nation by substituting for this factitious disorder the real order of work and organization.

Once progress is established, its fury abates like a storm that has spent itself. Old nations may die of it, and all their customs may disappear. Spain might have died when the Castilian cottages were lit with electricity, but she has lived, and lived with terrific vitality. She has lived because she had been backward for a long time and suddenly found herself advanced in many ways. Having been spared the groping process of experimentation, she has been able to take over a perfected tool, and she now enjoys the fruits of progress in the same way that many of our provincial towns are able to have more modern street cars than we do in Paris. There is a curious paradox in the material order of things decreeing that the last shall be first.

In a general way, the whole philosophic problem consisted in watching how Spain, with its Moorish traditions, assimilated our industrial baggage. The proof is accomplished, and not only in the economic sphere: the very character of the Spaniard himself seems to have changed, and his customs have altered. Here again it is curious to observe how quickly even the moral transformations have taken place.

It would certainly be bold on the basis of a rapid journey to draw any definite conclusions about a country from the way its women and girls behave. In Spain, however, and particularly in Madrid, one trait is most evident. This is the contrast between mothers and daughters. This difference, of course, in all Occidental countries is quite striking, but it is more noticeable in Spain than elsewhere, because a more rapid and unexpected process of evolution has taken place. There is no more false idea than the literary notion of the romantic Spanish woman. In point of fact, she makes herself felt most strongly in her domestic and maternal life. What characterizes her is, if I may say so, a certain Moorish attitude toward her husband. She feels that she must be gentle and faithful above all else.

Spain is a patriarchal country. Look at the station platform when any train is leaving. The whole family accompanies any member who is going away right into the compartment. This is a Latin tradition that continues under a sentimental form in France, but there is no similar manifestation in the Anglo-Saxon or German family. Even in the highest society you still see women dressed in Paris clothes who do not dare to sit down in a salon beside anyone but their husbands.

But the young girls! Ah! With their bobbed hair, their cigarettes, and their dancing partners, they circulate freely, in automobiles or on foot. I found

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myself in a carriage with the family of a young man who, during the royal promenade, was hailed by his sunburned girl companions of the tennis court and the dance floor, and he leaped out and joined them. In short, you receive the clear impression that, if Spanish women of thirty-five are quite different from French women of the same age, the Spanish girls of eighteen or twenty are just like their contemporaries in our country, and perhaps they even go them one better.

I knew a very distinguished Parisian lady who fell in love with a handsome Spanish bather whom she saw at a Basque seaside resort. They were married. Love at first prevented her from feeling that sense of subjection that I just spoke of, and perhaps her own culture had its effect on her husband. Ten years later I met her in Madrid, and her marriage had not only been happy, but congenial too. 'I adore my husband's friends,' she told me, 'and I have never felt as if I were a stranger in this country.' Here is symbolic proof of the profound affinities between two races who are able to live together, even in love.

THE HANDSOME DUKE [1]

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

With apologies — though not many — to Herr Lion Feuchtwanger, who is here presented with an English theme handled in his own much admired manner

I

It was the fifth birthday of Lord Noddy, eldest son of the Duke of Driftwood. There were beer and skittles in the grounds of Driftwood Castle. Foot races and fireworks. The young lord moved sedately through crowds of cheering tenants. The women, most of them former mistresses of the Duke, wept at the sight of the boy's golden curls, misty blue eyes, and curving scarlet lips. The Duke himself, with his pumpkin head, stared and wondered. None of his illegitimate children — and he had had hundreds — looked like that. 'Damme,' he muttered, 'he's never a Noddy,' and went to look at the Duchess, whose appearance he could not at once call to mind. He found her talking to her sister, Lady Ridinghood, whose husband's brother, the great Marquis of Carrabas, was now one of the most splendid figures in Europe. The Duchess looked like a large pink rat. The Duke stared at her and whistled softly, rubbing the back of his pumpkin head. As he walks away, he hears soft laughter. He is the richest man in Loamshire, Barset, and Wessex, and to-day has provided fifty hogsheads of beer and five cartloads of skittles, but he is puzzled. He looks for Bessie Trull, but before he can find her

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *January 5*

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a shadowy figure glides forward and stands before him, bowing in silence. What does the rascal want now? It is Isaac Moses, who has come all the way from Bethnal Green, rubbing his hands.

II

Only two rockets escaped the rain, but one was golden and curling, like the beautiful young lord's hair, and the other was misty and blue, like his eyes. The bailiff, the massive Peter Piper, rose to make a speech, but was too drunk to stand. Lord Noddy looked straight before him, a smile on his scarlet lips. The people sang songs. The Duke, in a distant corner, had Bessie Trull by the white neck. There was a sudden commotion, for someone had fallen. It was the Duchess, and she was dead. They carried her into the great hall. The Duke came, rubbing the back of his pumpkin head and whistling softly, and stared again. The Duchess still looked like a rat, but now was neither pink nor very large.

III

Lord Noddy grew up at Driftwood. His curls were not so long, but they were still golden; and his eyes took on a deeper blue. There was no other boy in Barset, Loamshire, and Wessex so handsome. The years passed. In Bethnal Green, Isaac Moses had five more grandchildren. Manchester and Birmingham became great towns. The Bank of England suspended cash payments. Admiral Jervis defeated the Spanish Fleet. A tax of ten per cent was imposed on incomes over two hundred pounds. Pitt formed the second coalition with Austria, Russia, Portugal, Naples, and Turkey. The Duke of Driftwood gave Bessie Trull ten guineas and told her to be gone. She took the guineas and his pumpkin head in her hands, but refused to go. The Duke is aging fast, and French representatives are murdered on their return from the Congress of Rastadt.

IV

At Oxford, Lord Noddy flung the admired new book his tutor had given him, Paley's *Evidences*, into a corner, and bought three bulldogs. He grew riper, more manly, but his face lost nothing of its beauty. The daughters of Oxfordshire and Berkshire squires drove in to watch him sauntering down the High. His mistress, the Countess of Rolls-Royce, the greatest beauty in the country, in spite of her forty-five years and maroon body, called at his rooms every day, until at last he drove her away with a whip. In his second year, with his favorite companions, Sir Tufty Hunter and the Honorable Plam Padding, he screwed in the Dean of Worcester, whose bandy legs and bottle nose had long annoyed him. Porson came from Cambridge to teach him Greek and drink his brandy.

V

The old Duke of Driftwood went down into the West Country, rubbing his pumpkin head. There, one night, he met a strange procession. The leader was called 'Uncle Tom,' but his real name was Cobbley. A wandering shaft of moonlight fell on the Duke's face as he cantered up. The gang recognized him, and one of them, Brewer, the fiercest, cried 'Pumpkin head!' and pulled the old man down from his horse. He was found there next day, half-lying in the ditch, a battered hulk. The remains were conveyed to Driftwood with great ceremony. One hundred and thirty-four women of Loamshire and Barset, and no less than three hundred and fifty-nine children, went into mourning; and Ben Moses, first cousin of the shadowy Isaac and now chief tailor in the two counties, kept his shop open day and night. Thus the last piece

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of service the old Duke did for anybody was for the Jews, who were everywhere now, buying old clothes, selling new clothes, lending out money as fast as they received it. A new world had silently grown up round that pumpkin head.

VI

When they carried the news to Oxford, it found the heir giving a wine party. All the wildest third-year men were drinking the health of handsome Tom Noddy, who sat there with a little smile on his curling scarlet lips, occasionally narrowing his misty blue eyes. When he heard the news, he ordered in ten more bottles. He was now Duke of Driftwood, Lord of the Manor in Gotham, Bedlam, Wibbleton, and Twinky, Hereditary Bearer of the Nightcap, and Colonel-in-Chief of the East Barset Fencibles. 'Your Grace is the only handsome duke in the realm,' the Warden of Brasenose told him. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was immediately conferred upon him, and when he came out, with his golden curls catching the sunlight above his silk hood, the women looked at him with parted lips. He singled out several of the largest of them and took them with him to Driftwood, where he returned at once to raise all the rents.

VII

The bailiff, massive Peter Piper, turned out all the oldest and poorest tenants, and had mantraps set in all the woods. The press gang came and went. Pitt resigned office, and the King went mad. The great castle of Driftwood was thronged with the guests of the handsome young Duke. Play was high, and it was said that the host always lost. All through the winter the castle was blazing with lights, and every day coaches drew up to the gates and carried beautiful women up the long drive. But three times there came, quietly and without ostentation, a shadowy figure rubbing its hands. It was Isaac Moses, but now when he returned to his horde of almond-eyed grandchildren it was not to Bethnal Green but to a large house farther west. The Jews were moving. A new world had come into existence.

VIII

On a fine spring morning, when the old elms round Driftwood were lightly flecked with green, there was a vast stir at the castle. The Duke was leaving. He had been commanded by the Regent to visit him at Brighton. 'Gad!' cried the Prince. 'You're a beauty, Driftwood. Some of us'll have to look to our laurels, eh, Sherry?' To this Sheridan made a witty retort and proposed Apollo's health in bumpers of maraschino. They talked of the Treaty of Amiens and of the beauties of the town. 'We'll have to marry you off, Driftwood,' said the Regent, mopping the port that ran down his swollen purple chin. The Duke smiled bitterly and bowed. Later he lent Sheridan two hundred guineas, watched the Regent being taken to bed, then staggered to the door. A shadowy figure was standing there, rubbing its hands and bowing. 'Out of my way!' cried the handsome Duke. 'Oh, it's you, is it? Moses. Damme, you're everywhere. I never knew the Jews came to Brighton.' Moses bowed again. 'Where do you go, my lord?' he inquired, softly. The Duke gave him an insolent stare: 'To Driftwood.' The Jew rubbed his hands: 'I shall be delighted to see you there, Your Grace.' The Duke struck him repeatedly. 'Take that for your impudence. What d'you mean?' Moses bowed again, this time nearly to the ground. 'I mean that Driftwood is mine. I have foreclosed the mortgages.' And he crept away, a shadowy figure,

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while the Duke went raving into the night.

IX

The Duke's handsome face was seen everywhere. Up in Westmorland, where old John Peel blew his horn, he followed the hounds. Down in the West Country he hunted the stag, and sometimes passed a strange procession and heard talk of Uncle Tom. Pitt returned to office. The British and Foreign Bible Society was founded. An East Indiaman crept into Bristol, having on board a dark shy young beauty, who always sat with crossed hands, worth a million pounds sterling. At Almack's she saw the golden curls, the misty blue eyes, the smiling scarlet lips, of the handsomest nobleman in the country. Six months later they were married, and the new Duchess sat with crossed hands at Gotham Manor. 'I will buy back Driftwood!' cried the Duke. But Isaac Moses was not to be found. He had crossed the seas and had gone silently into the new Duchy of Berg, where he talked behind closed doors with Murat. There he rubbed his hands, while at Gotham the young Duchess crossed her hands. In Holland the Grand Pensionary Schimmelpenninck was deposed and new kingdoms were being carved out of an exhausted Europe. At Driftwood Castle, Rebecca, the eldest and most beautiful of Moses' grandchildren, was dreaming of a head of golden curls that had bent over her hand in the Park. She was to meet the stranger again the next day behind the copse. Already she loved him. Who was he? The deposed Grand Pensionary Schimmelpenninck? But in the villages they knew him for the handsome Duke, and begged him to return to the castle. The people were starving; fever had broken out; and the potato crop was ruined. It was the Jews, they said; and the Duke smiled and made no reply. . . .

NOTE. — I think we can leave it at that. I must apologize for the film-scenario method, the constant repetition of little descriptive touches, the attenuated and melodramatic plot, and the introduction of historical facts *en bloc* from the nearest reference book. At least, I must apologize for these things if the above bears not the slightest resemblance to Herr Feuchtwanger's acknowledged masterpieces. But it is just possible that there is a faint likeness. And then what?

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THOMAS HARDY AS I KNEW HIM[1]

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE T. P. O'CONNOR

I USED to meet Thomas Hardy a good deal off and on toward his middle age. He spent little of his time in London, for he felt himself most at home, both for personal and professional reasons, in his house in Dorchester. He was essentially a lonely man; he dwelt in his inner spirit, as most thoughtful and creative minds do; and I fancy his annual visits to London were regarded as something of the penance which an observer of life has to pay. There is no trace that I recollect in any of his works of any interest in the world of London; fashionable people do not figure in any of his works; they have their tragedies too, but I do not recall any passage in which the life of London society is the background. There are noble dames and noble gentlemen in some of his stories, it is quite true; but they do not belong to London; they seem rather to come out of the pages of Froissart than from the modern chronicles of London life.

When Hardy paid this annual visit to London, he naturally had to avoid rather than seek recognition and invitation. He was like Sterne when he came to town after the glory of *Tristram Shandy*, with the difference that he would not allow London to spoil his digestion by a multitude of overgood dinners. He came of a long-lived stock; his mother was in the nineties when she died, and he lived to a splendid age. So did Jean Jacques Rousseau, but throughout his life you can see Rousseau's suffering from that brooding melancholy which comes, doubtless, sometimes from profound meditation on the riddle of human life and human suffering, but is also an indication of a certain taint in the nervous system. Popular phraseology puts such men as born tired, and there is some truth in the rough epitome. Men of that type derive from ancestors on whom great misfortune or wonderful fortune — one or the other — has produced an exhaustion of the nervous system of which their descendants reap the consequences.

Whatever the reason, so it was with Thomas Hardy; he was born melancholy, and he remained melancholy throughout his life. All the dazzling glory which he achieved as one of the most illustrious figures of his generation, his supremacy as the greatest master of fiction in his day and generation — all these things left the inner man untouched; he remained in that inner soul of his like one of those lonely creatures who from the watchtower in the ocean — as, for instance, the guardians of the Eddystone Lighthouse — look out from their solitude on raging waves and appealing hands, and know nothing of life but their inner thoughts and their sad experiences.

All this I had discovered from his writings before I had any personal association with him. I remember still the first time I read *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. The book reached me on a Christmas Eve. As editor of a literary weekly at the time, I had to prepare a

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *January* 13

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review of it almost immediately. I can still see myself as I sat down in a room on the top floor of a house in Brighton, with an imperfect fire, writing the review of this great book. The surroundings, uncomfortable as they were, the hatred of work, until work is started, which, I am afraid, is the temperament of most men of letters, all seemed to make my task difficult — certainly unwelcome; but once I had started I could not keep back the fever of composition in trying to bring before my readers some sense of the splendor of the tragedy evolved from the genius of Hardy.

I put that work down as the greatest plea for woman that was ever written. Hardy himself wrote the book with some such thought in his mind, I think; for though he had the detachment and the objectivity — if I may use that German-borrowed phrase — of the true artist, he had also his strong convictions. He said himself that his opinions on many questions, especially on these questions, were far more revolutionary than he had dared to assert.

But my views of the man's inner mind came mainly from my conversations with him. He was not a brilliant talker; if you did not know who he was, and had not an instinctive insight into what lies behind the commonplace or shy exterior of your dinner companion, you might well have taken no notice of him, or left him with the idea that your evil fortune had put you beside a rather dull companion. He was a shy, retiring man, and he looked it, too. Small of stature, slight in physique, shrinking, almost furtive in demeanor, he could easily have escaped notice in any crowd, even by those who happened to know him. The face was so deeply lined that it looked like the back of a leaf; there was n't a spot on cheek or forehead that did n't seem to be scarred by wrinkles.

There was a curious little thing in the face that seemed to express and at the same time to distort it; it was a little bit of lobe that descended from one of the ears. That peculiarity obsessed me. It seemed to wag and wriggle, move up and down, sway his talk. The eyes were deep set, the cheeks thin; he looked like an effaced man — so drab, so sad, so illusive, seemed everything about him. The somewhat dull color of the complexion rather added to this impression. And over it all hung that brooding melancholy, but the melancholy rather of a commonplace exterior — not the melancholy that finds its sculptural and solemn expression in the beaked nose, the lofty brow, and the high cheek-bones of Dante. You might well have taken Thomas Hardy for a commercial traveler who had been on the road all his life and had never succeeded in getting big orders for the toilet soap or the sauce or the drapery for which he had traveled.

You had not spoken to him for many minutes before you discovered that unlifting melancholy which runs through all his writings, and was at the very roots of his own being. This melancholy was so profound that it extended to his views of his own work. He must have had the artist's joy in creation; without that he could never have got through the enormous work he did; but it was just obedience to instinct; it left no exultation. One evening, when Hardy was my guest, I felt that, as one of his most ardent admirers, I was entitled to talk to him about his books. Sitting quietly and almost silently, saying nothing in particular, he lent little joy to a conversation even at the dinner table of a friend and an admirer; but I was not surprised.

I had spoken to him once of fits of depression through which, like most men of letters, I occasionally passed. He looked at me with some surprise; and then he said, 'I did n't think there

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was anybody in the world that could be so depressed as I can be.' But, in spite of that, it was with a shock that I heard him say of his own works that he did not care if every book he had ever written were burned and never seen or heard of again. He did not say it with any outburst of passion; he spoke it in such even, low tones as brought a sense of conviction to the hearer. I wonder if in all the records of literature there is an avowal more tragically sad.

Yet this man of letters had to pass through few of the vicissitudes and hard experiences that have been the lot of that class from the days when the greatest of poets was, according to tradition, a wandering beggar tramping the roads of Greece. He had, it is true, to go through a short apprenticeship in an architect's office. His first book had a commendable, though not big, success. The first indication of the great literary force that had come into the world was given when he published *Far from the Madding Crowd*. I remember still the thrill that passed through all the literary world when that masterpiece appeared, and the resounding chorus of welcome with which it was received by the press. Hardy never looked back after that — unless, perhaps, one regards the very mixed reception given to *Jude the Obscure* as a rebuff from his public.

That book certainly did mark a disastrous epoch in his career. Again I can recall the thrill, this time of something approaching horror, with which this book was received. Whether it was this fact that influenced Hardy in his great renunciation I do not know, but everybody is aware that he never published any work in prose after that unfortunate book. In literature, as in the life of politicians, you have to take count of temperament; and Hardy's is not the only case among men of letters in which a little setback has disastrously stopped the output of possibly great books.

Of all my recollections of Thomas Hardy, the one that has made upon me the most lasting and the most tragic impression was a conversation which followed the dinner at which I had been his host. His wife came the next day, and we had a conversation, in which her husband was the chief topic. The Mrs. Hardy of that epoch — she died, and he married a second time — was as striking a contrast to her husband as if he in his dramatic mood had invented her. He was small, frail-looking, sombre; she was full-blown, with an ample figure, a large rubicund face, and a defiantly jolly expression — whether it was good nature or revolt it is difficult to say.

A few words with her demonstrated that she was not among the admirers of the saturnine and hopeless philosophy of her husband. Life was not all gloom, and people were wrong to describe it as if it were. This was her philosophy, and people can differ in their philosophy and remain good friends. But what followed went closer to the core of the situation between the husband and the wife. When the lady speaking to Mrs. Hardy began to glow about the great man, his wife listened with a somewhat distracted, if not hostile, air. 'Yes, yes,' she said, in an impartial tone, 'but you know he's very vain and very selfish.' And then she went on: 'I say to his mother, "Mother, you wrote Thomas's books." "No, Emma," mother says, "it was you wrote Thomas's books."' And then the lady added, 'I have it all here,' — pointing to her ample bosom, — 'but I have not the power of expressing it.'

The idea underneath this nonsense was, of course, that both Hardy's mother and his wife were natives of Wessex, and depositaries of the folklore of the countryside; it was the stories

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told by their lips and the lips of others that Hardy, in the alchemy of his genius, turned into those moving tragedies and those living and immortal figures, with a life and a vigor that pass beyond the graves of their original models — that belong to that realm of fiction which is more real than reality.

But to continue this so memorable and illuminating conversation. 'He is very vain and very selfish,' repeated Hardy's wife. 'And these women that he meets in London society only increase these things.' And then with dramatic force she added, 'They are the poison; I am the antidote' — whereat she pointed again to her bosom. When I heard of this conversation a few moments after it had taken place, a surge of feeling came over me, and first I thought of that man, dun-colored in hair, in complexion, and in appearance, with the morbidly susceptible and melancholy temperament manifested in that face ribbed with wrinkles of thought, and sadness, and even despair. Then I reflected that, of all the companions such a man should have, the one that fate had given to him was the least suitable, for here was a nature that required encouragement, blind worship, perhaps such domestic comfort and tranquillity as only a woman the very opposite of himself could give, even something bovine that looked after his meals and his foot warmers, and browsed contented, ignorant, but adoring and encouraging, beside him. And then I thought of this companion, whose whole bitter purpose seemed to be to discourage and belittle and irritate him. Was it not a key to much of his sombre philosophy? Is there, in all the memorable passages in which Hardy has painted the heart-breaking misunderstanding between man and woman, one more tragic than that I have described?

TO Æ GOING TO AMERICA

BY OLIVER ST. J. GOGARTY

[From the *Irish Statesman*]

DUBLIN transmits you, famous, to the West.
  America shall welcome you, and we,
  Reflected in that mighty glass, shall see,
In full proportion, power at which we guessed,
Who live too near the eagle and the nest
  To know the pinion's wide supremacy:
  But yours, of all the wings that crossed the sea,
Carries the wisest heart and gentlest.
  It is not multitudes, but Man's idea
Makes a place famous. Though you now digress,
  Remember to return, as, back from Rome,
  Du Bellay journeyed to his Lyré home;
And Plutarch, willingly, to Chaeronea
  Returned, and stayed, lest the poor town be less.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A Great Work

If all goes well, the Herculean task of compiling the *Oxford English Dictionary* will be completed early in March. As these lines are being written twelve people are working in absolute silence in an old high-pillared hall at Oxford on the last volume of a work begun seventy years ago at a meeting of the Philological Society. Forty years later the first volume, containing *A* and *B*, appeared. To Sir James Murray, the original editor, who died in 1915, the chief credit should go, although Mr. C. T. Onions, the present incumbent, has been on the job since 1895. He has edited the letters *Su-Sz*, *X*, *Y*, *Z*, *Wh-Wi*, and has now practically completed the rest of *W*. One compositor who set the type of the first volume forty years ago is still working on the last.

Of the 414,825 English words defined in these volumes, the word which caused the most trouble and occupied the most space is 'set.' It has so many different meanings and extensions of meaning that a thirty-thousand word treatise was devoted to it alone.

Although the dictionary is of immense size, the editorial blue pencil did not lie idle. Of all the material at the disposal of the editors, two thirds were discarded, and, needless to say, with the finest judgment. Mr. Onions indulgently remarked: 'We are not above including Americanisms. Far from it. Do you know that the expression, "For all one is worth," is of American origin?' We are happy to hear this, although we doubt whether the literary lapses and verbal intricacies of some American sports writers and tabloid journalists have invaded the dictionary's sacred pages.

In announcing that the dictionary would be completed in March, we almost forgot that a dictionary of a living language like English is never finished. Discrepancies through changes of language were inevitable in a work which has taken a long time to finish, and all shortcomings are to be included in an appendix. The word 'appendicitis,' for example, is not in the dictionary, for it was not in use when the first volume appeared. 'Airplane,' 'tank,' 'jazz,' 'vitamin,' and many other such words have been omitted. Even 'crossword,' which caused such a boom in the sale of dictionaries, must wait for the supplementary volume. None the less, the dictionary is as complete as such things ever are, and Britons may well be proud of this monument to their scholarship.

Germany Since the War

'What do you think is the most important event since the war?' is the modest question that *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* put to a dozen representative Germans. And if their answers did not solve the problem, at least they revealed in the subsequent vote taken among the newspaper's readers a significant cross-section of contemporary German opinion. The revival of the Fatherland, the rise of new political doctrines, and the lack of world stability seem to have made the strongest impression, although there was a good deal of difference of opinion

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on the subject of Bolshevism. Professor Hans Lietzmann, of the University of Berlin, felt that the upheaval in Russia was even more important than the many changes in Europe; but another pundit, who rejoices in the name of Professor Doktor Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, concentrated on the chronic state of 'peacelessness,' the inevitable result of the injustices suffered by Germany, which, he boasted, will some day be avenged. His opinion found the greatest popular approval among the journal's readers. A third professor, Dr. Nikodem Cuno, took solace in the fact that Bolshevism had been tried and found wanting.

Count Czernin, war-time Premier of Austria, said that Lindbergh's flight is the biggest thing since the war, because it marks a new era in communication. Professor Cuno would agree with this view were it not for his more intense feelings about the Reds. Count von Kalckreuth, long active in political administration, asserted that no political event stands out, but that the displacement of coal by other sources of energy will be ranked by the future historian as the great event of our time.

Dr. Hans Luther, former German Chancellor, pointed to Germany's great achievements in the past nine years, and said that her discovery of her own strength and capabilities is the outstanding modern development. After Wilamowitz, the public awarded Luther the palm of good judgment. More than half of the answers dwelt on the same manifestation, but in most cases it was used as a point of departure for a piece of special pleading. Vice-Admiral Mantey attacked the Allies for shouldering Germany with responsibility for the war, and he smelled the smoke of future battles. A former Secretary of State said that Germany could never have attained the position she has won in the world without her new interest in physical culture. A theatrical director pointed to Locarno, the League, and Max Reinhardt. But they all supported, some of them unconsciously, Dr. Luther's chief contention.

The answers show that Germany is concerned, not only with her own destiny, but with that of the world at large. The President of the Writers' Academy believes that an unknown leader has been born. An artist says that the new Romantic Age is here in the form of modern inventions. Naturally the vote taken among the readers of *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* reflects the reactionary sentiments of the paper. One third of the ballots, in agreeing with Dr. Wilamowitz and Vice-Admiral Mantey, dwelt bitterly on the past and cynically on the future, although one fourth pointed optimistically to Germany's post-war recovery.

How to Live

THANKS to the communicativeness of Dr. W. A. Potts of the British National Council for Mental Hygiene, a correct guide that will inevitably lead whoever follows it to a happy life has at last been provided. The trouble with most of us, in the opinion of Dr. Potts, is fear, and particularly some early fear that has been smouldering within us for years, only to break out in an acute form of mental disorder.

Man attains full responsibility at twenty-one, but his troubles have only begun at that tender age. The mere prospect of marriage causes many breakdowns in early life, and as we fight our way through the forties increased responsibilities begin to undermine those of us fortunate enough to have attained important executive positions. Fifty is the critical year for most women, that being the period beyond which they cannot bear chil-

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dren. According to Dr. Potts, however, worry is the cause of most of their middle-aged sorrows.

Men generally retire to the shelf at about sixty-five, unless they have collapsed sooner. The more strenuous and varied masculine career, with its gradual changes and adaptations, is fraught with peril, for if you fail to pass through one stage satisfactorily you can never hope to catch up again, and will go from bad to worse. The regular use of alcohol produces all kinds of psychological difficulties, for it is usually employed as a refuge from the unavoidable, and it thereby plays all sorts of queer tricks on our subconscious. Dr. Potts felt that we are inclined to attach too much importance to heredity, but at once began hedging in so many directions at once that his closing observations on the importance of eugenics became almost meaningless.

A Philippine Philippic

In a speech before the College of Law of the University of the Philippines, Senator José P. Laurel of the local legislature has been attacking missionaries, Nordics, and other features of Western civilization. This 'Big Bill' of our Pacific possession asserts that Occidental civilization is merely a polished and modified Oriental civilization, and that the dogmas and moral principles of Christianity were embodied in the code of morals of non-Christian peoples long before the advent of Christ. Missionaries, he said, are devils in disguise, misrepresenting Christ and serving the interests of imperialism.

Strange, indeed, is his logic in proving Oriental supremacy over the West. 'The Orient,' he said, 'must continue to receive inspiration from its glorious past. When the Occident was in the darkness of ignorance and cannibalism, it needed the Orient to vitalize its life and give it a civilization and a religion. The Orient should unmask the true nature of Western imperialism and understand its real spirit and designs. . . .

'The Orientals cannot, of course, continue to look with favor on the maintenance of the *status quo*, for them to remain as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," a mere means to the fulfillment of others' ends; but they must be the artificers of what their own nature wants and feels to be good. This set resolve must be the expression of a gigantic and unprecedented effort for the amelioration of half of mankind, the nine hundred millions of Asia who now regret that "the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded."'

An editorial in the *American Chamber of Commerce Journal* of Manila timorously attempts a metaphysical explanation of Western civilization by saying that it is based upon altruism and service. It is 'the principle that we are all in the soup together, and that it is cooler at the top and around the brim. It is really a cult of science, a cult of tool-making and tool-using. Such men know that their redeemer liveth, and that he lives within themselves.' This explanation may not be wholly satisfactory, but it is at least an attempt to meet Oriental thinking on its own ground. In the same editorial the writer refers to Senator Laurel and Dean Bocobo, who seconded the politician's sentiments, as 'irate rajahs . . . who do not give, but are given unto. . . . The Alma Maters of such men gain nothing from having educated them, and they are types among our present leaders.'

Howlers

English school-children, like those in America, do not always write perfect

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examination papers. Recently the *University Correspondent* offered prizes for the most amusing mistakes made by English pupils, and from those published by that educational journal we have selected the following: —

The sun never sets on the British Empire, because the British Empire is in the east and the sun sets in the west.

Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives.

The King wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin.

The masculine of 'vixen' is 'vicar.'

In the eighteenth century traveling was very romantic: most of the highroads were only bridal paths.

Average means something that hens lay their eggs on.

A fissure is a man who sells fish.

The mechanical advantage of a long pump-handle is that you have someone to help you pump.

Artificial perspiration is what you make a person alive with when they are only just dead.

A line in geometry is what you draw and don't see.

Transparent means something you can see through — for instance, a keyhole.

Gravity tells us why an apple does n't go to heaven.

Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't want to.

The chief duties of a Member of Parliament are to go to sleep when another man is speaking, and force his party into power.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

Arctic Liars

ROALD Amundsen's recent attack upon Vilhjalmur Stefansson arouses the thought that temperature and prevarication may be inversely proportional. Since Mandeville's day stories about the Far North have often contained more imagination than truth. Captain Cook has been thoroughly discredited, and other rumors assert that some investigators whose work receives the applause of a sensation-seeking public are perpetrating gigantic frauds. Now we find Amundsen, in *My Life as an Explorer*, questioning statements in Stefansson's *Blond Eskimos* and *The Friendly Arctic*. Since the vital passage is much clearer in the Norwegian edition than in the English, we print the following translation of it: —

'Stories of the polar regions must be read in the light of the explorer's previous career. I have written the preceding section [about Peary and Cook] partly to make it clear why I always characterize the first of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's famous "discoveries" as about the most unmitigated nonsense that has ever come out of the North, and his second not only as nonsense but also the most harmful and dangerous nonsense. I refer to his widely circulated book, *The Blond Eskimos*, and his equally famous *Friendly Arctic*. . . . Stefansson's yarn about a special race of blond Eskimos deserves no more serious consideration than a feature story in a yellow journal. Stefansson's blond Eskimos are merely an amusing product of his imagination. *The Friendly Arctic*, on the other hand, is a dangerous misrepresentation of real conditions. No gullible person will be hurt if he believes that some Eskimos are blond; but it is entirely possible that some adventurous spirits, seeking a fresh thrill in the North, may be misled by his babble about the "friendliness" up there, and will actually try to do what Stefansson says he has done — that is, to adventure into these regions with nothing but guns and a little ammunition. If they do, certain death awaits them. Stefansson has never done it, although he says he has. I am willing to stake my reputation as a polar explorer, will wager everything I own, that if Stefansson were to make such an attempt on the polar ice which

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is constantly adrift over the open sea he would be dead within eight days after he had started.'

These strong words called forth a prompt rebuttal from Captain George H. Wilkins, who substantiated the statement that Stefansson, Storkerson, and Andreason had rations for only thirty days when they began their long journey over the polar ice. Though there was no way for them to replenish their food supply, they maintained themselves for eleven weeks on the Arctic ice out of sight of land. Stefansson avers that the party lived chiefly on the seals, which they luckily discovered would float if shot through the brain. For eighty days after reaching land the trio continued to eat from the hands of a 'friendly Arctic.'

As for blond Eskimos, Captain Wilkins says: 'I lived on Victoria Island with an Eskimo tribe, in which were two women, three girls, one boy, and a man with light-brown hair, blue eyes, fair skin, and rosy cheeks. Some of these people assured me, through an interpreter, that they were old friends of Stefansson's. Other scientific observers who have seen some of these people are Diamond Jenness and Knud Rasmussen. There are many other reliable witnesses. . . . Even casual travelers in the district they inhabit know they exist.'

Catalans and Castilians

THE exposition of books by Catalan authors in the National Library of Madrid may indicate an intellectual rapprochement between Catalonia and Castile, but it is hard to see what good will come of encouraging a wider split between two branches of the Spanish tongue. Raymond Lulle and Bernat Metge, the two white hopes of the Catalan language during the nineteenth century, had little immediate influence, for the Madrid Government, which is usually at swords' points with Barcelona, prohibited the use of Catalan in church, school, and public life. Whereas in 1888 all the literature of Catalonia could have been put on a veritable five-foot shelf, in 1906 the same region could boast of books on every subject. Since 1924, when the really brilliant period began, the number of books published has doubled annually, and some novels run into editions of twenty thousand copies. Either the Catalan people below or the angels above support more than fifty literary, scientific, artistic, and professional magazines.

Gaceta Literaria, a literary journal published in three Iberian languages, — Castilian, Catalan, and Portuguese, — took the initiative in promoting the present exposition. It announced that the bonds between Barcelona and Madrid might be strengthened, and that the two regions had much to offer one another and much in common. With surprisingly good grace, Catalan writers responded to the invitation to exhibit their work at Madrid.

Although even the Castilian intellectuals admit the importance of the Catalan literary renaissance, their action may be more strongly influenced by their dislike of the Directory than by neighborly love, and it seems doubtful whether Spain as a whole will recognize the Catalan revival. Why should she? Catalonia has always been politically hostile to Castile, and Barcelona's linguistic emphasis is probably due to a growing local consciousness which is likely to militate against universal homogeneity and promote misunderstanding.

In Yakutsk

'BUT they don't call this cold in Yakutsk' might have been used as a title for the following verses in the

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Manchester Guardian. The author is Gordon Phillips, — otherwise known as 'Lucio,' — and the inspiration was a news item announcing that 'at Yakutsk in Eastern Siberia the cold is so intense that the inhabitants are confined to their houses, and birds are freezing in the air and falling dead.'

It is very cold just now
In Yakutsk;
Birds are frozen to the bough
In Yakutsk.
Aye, and worse than that they fare —
If they leave their roost or lair
They are frozen in mid-air,
In Yakutsk.

They fall, stricken to the ground,
In Yakutsk,
And are lying all around,
In Yakutsk;
Eagles, grouse, and gulls one meets,
Partridges and parrakeets,
For their corpses strew the streets,
In Yakutsk.

Very chill the breeze must smell
In Yakutsk!
I can pity those who dwell
In Yakutsk.
Very bleak the weather here,
But it does, I think, appear
They have vastly more to fear
In Yakutsk.

Though my feet are frozen stiff
In my bootsk,
And my nose (with which I sniff)
To the rootsk
Is a red that's far from faint,
I will make no loud complaint,
For I'm jolly glad I ain't
In Yakutsk!

Radio Romance

How soon and successfully a new art can adapt itself to the romantic needs of humanity is illustrated by two radio stories from England. It seems that the mother of a dying girl wrote to the British Broadcasting Company saying that her daughter was particularly affected by the way one of the announcers would say 'Good night, everybody!' at the close of the evening programme, and asking if the man could do it that very next evening, since it might be the girl's last opportunity to hear him. When the letter arrived, the announcer for whom the mother asked happened to be at his home, some miles from the broadcasting station. The company, however, called him by telephone, and he hurried over just in time to say his 'Good night, everybody!' The girl, hearing the voice, whispered back, 'Good night!' and then, as if he had heard her reply, the announcer repeated once more, 'Good night!' The daughter never spoke again.

Another and happier story centres on a sick little girl who had formed a great attachment for a certain 'uncle' who held forth during the 'children's hour.' Her mother therefore wrote the following note to the British Broadcasting Company: 'Could the B. B. C. ask this uncle to mention the daughter's name, which is Booloo, in one of the programmes, and also wish her a speedy recovery?' The request was carried out, and a month later the mother wrote in again saying, 'My daughter has made a very rapid recovery, which dates from the day you were good enough to send her a special message.' If the same practice were carried out as successfully in these United States, where broadcasting is not a government monopoly and stations grow on every bush, our medicos might have to look to their laurels.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Letters of Queen Victoria. Second Series. Vol. III: 1879–1885. Edited by G. E. Buckle. London: John Murray, 1928. 25*s.* net.

[*Observer*]

'It cannot be denied that the Throne is extraordinarily stronger than it has been during this century.' It might be supposed that this is an extract from one of the many letters from Lord Beaconsfield to Queen Victoria published for the first time in this most fascinating volume. As a fact, the passage occurs in a letter written by Lord Granville to the Queen on August 9, 1880. Granville was, of course, more of a courtier than a statesman, and was the only member of the unfortunate Cabinet of 1880 with whom the Queen corresponded on intimate terms. But, like his colleagues, he was constantly the object of severe and outspoken castigation at the hands of his royal mistress, and might well have hesitated to admit so frankly the increased strength of the Throne. As to the truth of Granville's observation there can be no question; and for proof it is unnecessary to go beyond the pages of the great historical work of which the volume under review forms the climax.

The primary purpose of the work is, no doubt, to disclose the development of the character of a great woman. Of that development we have had no better analysis than that which Mr. A. C. Benson prefixed to the first volume. 'We see one of highly vigorous and active temperament, of strong affection, and with a deep sense of responsibility, placed at an early age and after a quiet girlhood in a position the greatness of which it is impossible to exaggerate. We see her character expand and deepen, schooled by mighty experience into patience and sagacity and wisdom, and yet never losing a particle of the strength, the decision, and the devotion with which she had been originally endowed.' The impression derived by Mr. Benson from his study of the earlier letters is completely confirmed by those contained in this latest volume.

There has been development of character, just as there has been a notable advance in the position of the Throne. It is as an affectionate pupil that she writes to Melbourne: she addresses Gladstone as an imperious mistress. There are times, it must be owned, when the tone of her letters to ministers is petulant rather than imperious. But this is natural enough, considering the strain which more than forty years of continuous work had imposed upon the wearer of the crown.

The continuity of the labor and strain attaching to the Throne is perhaps the most outstanding impression one derives from a perusal of these 'Letters.' Ministers come, and ministers go; few of them are subjected to a continuous strain of office for more than half a decade; fifteen or twenty years is a long spell of responsibility for a diocesan bishop; but here was a sovereign who for sixty years remained a sleepless sentinel on guard over an empire unparalleled in greatness, in variety, in extent.

Small wonder is it that during those six decades the power of the Throne advanced. 'A republic has insinuated itself beneath the folds of a monarchy.' So Walter Bagehot could write of the Crown in the middle period of the reign, and could declare with half-cynical contempt that 'when there is a Select Committee on the Queen, the charm of royalty will be gone. Its mystery is its life. We must not let daylight in upon magic.'

These five great volumes have let daylight in upon the Throne, and the Throne has emerged from the ordeal with enhanced prestige, with its authority not merely unimpaired, but undeniably strengthened.

The period covered by this volume was, however, one of the most troubled and least glorious of Queen Victoria's long reign, and on every ground it is greatly to be re-

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gretted that the editor did not carry the narrative on two years further and give us at least a foretaste of the splendid decade which opened with the Jubilee of 1887 and closed with that of 1897. It is true that the volume is already inconveniently bulky; it is true that 1885 is a significant date in the political history of England; but from the point of view of the Crown it signified nothing, whereas the Jubilee of 1887 signified much. As it is, the letters in this volume cover only the seven years from 1879 to 1885 inclusive. They open with the disasters to British arms and the death of the Prince Imperial in South Africa, with the murder of Cavagnari and his mission in Kabul, with the beginning of depression in trade and agriculture at home, and with the presage of disorder and disaster in Ireland. They close with an exceedingly interesting correspondence between the Queen and Mr. (afterward Viscount) Goschen in reference to Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule and the consequent endeavors of the Queen to build up a middle party — in fine, to revive that Whig party to which, in her apprentice years, the Queen had so strongly adhered. . . .

Iron and Smoke, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. London: Cassell. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Iron and Smoke is not a particularly expressive title for Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's latest novel. It would suggest — and the suggestion is heightened by the illustrated dust cover — that the main theme of the book was the evil influence of iron-working and coal-getting, the contrast between these trades and agriculture, or the view expressed toward the end of the book by Timothy Bastow: 'The trouble's deeper — in the earth itself. My dear girl, I tell you she will have her revenge. She has set her curse upon us for digging into her heart for our wealth when she gladly gave us her surface for our necessity.' This is one theme, pursued in a desultory fashion, but it is not the main theme, and we are glad of it; for it is a sentimental view, and, as Timothy presents it, fallacious, since agriculture, even in a primitive form, depends upon ploughshares, and in its modern developments upon motor traction, railway trains, power-driven mills, artificial manures, and many other things which imply the heavy, grimy industries of the North. Timothy, however, was brought up in a Quaker school; was the son of a wealthy iron founder of the last generation who was nearly ruined by having put aside no reserves against bad times; and sold out of his business during the war when it began to make munitions. But Timothy's moral views do not greatly affect the story of his sister Jenny, who is the central character of what is mainly a personal tale.

Jenny, a rather romantic young person, in 1896, was wooed and easily won by Sir Humphrey Mallard, the owner of mortgaged acres in Sussex and Kent. Humphrey's chief passion was for his land, and Jenny's dowry of forty thousand pounds, though it had to remain in the business, — then paying twenty per cent, — would do a great deal for the liberation and regeneration of Herringdales and Yoeklett's Court. So Jenny goes south, at first to disillusionment, then to tragedy, then to acceptance, and finally to withdrawal. The disillusionment, partly due to the new environment, the discomforts of a Tudor manor, and the smaller train of life, and partly to her husband's complete absorption in his estates, is drawn with both humor and sympathy. Tragedy comes when Jenny realizes that Isabel Halnaker, wife of a neighboring landowner, had been Humphrey's mistress. Her anger and bitterness burst out in a passionate scene with her husband, who goes away to his farm in Kent. A few days later she hears that he is very ill. She goes, and finds him dying of pneumonia. He asks for Isabel. She does not send for Isabel till too late. Returning to Herringdales, she bears her child, an heir to the estates, and after her convalescence enters into a relationship with Isabel, the acceptance of which by the reader is essential to his appreciation of the book.

The relations between Humphrey's wife and the woman whom he had loved, but not well enough to give up all the world for her, are the central theme upon which Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith expends all her art and dexterity. Isabel Halnaker, herself unsatis-

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factorily married, had not refused compensatory love affairs; yet she had ended that with Humphrey Mallard because she saw that he put his land first. She tells all this frankly to Jenny, coming on her own initiative, because she had taken a liking to her; and Jenny sees that, Humphrey being dead, she has little cause to hate Isabel, though whether she believed her when she said, 'If he'd put me first and counted everything well lost for me, I could n't have loved him,' is another question. This sentence is as difficult to credit as the reference to the wine Jenny chose to entertain her with — 'a light Barsac, both delicate and dry.' Be that as it may, Jenny and Isabel become fast friends and dine together once a week. Jenny's development is very interestingly traced in this story. She is an unusual character if anything, but heroic and more convincing than Isabel. Some of the minor personages are good, notably Isabel's daughter, Wing, who is presented as the type of a harder, far more decided, generation than Jenny's. The scene, when it is Sussex, is admirably drawn, but it is not allowed undue prominence. Taken all in all, the novel, which belongs to the domestic type, is on a high level, if below its author's best.

Cursory Rhymes, by Humbert Wolfe. London: Ernest Benn, 1927. 6s.

[Æ, in the *Irish Statesman*]

WHAT is the process of growing old? Do we really change, or is it merely that something is added to the child, who remains a small, obscure, neglected creature, hidden beneath the later personalities which wrap him about like successive overcoats? I have always believed that if we turned within ourselves we should find somewhere in the heart of age a child laughing or weeping or puzzled, quite unchanged by the forest growth of humanity which has overshadowed its tiny beginning. I believe poets more than any others find their way back to their past and offer some kind of comfort to that small creature who but for them would have no nurse or playmate and would be altogether neglected in the course of life. It is not all poets who are so kind. Some are haughty and think no more of their past selves. Some, like Stevenson, Kipling, and Walter de la Mare, kept up constant communication with their own childhood, and three-quarters of their popularity was due to the fact that they allowed their imaginative boyhood to use the skill of age to tell its dreams. Mr. Humbert Wolfe has obviously kept up his acquaintance with his childhood, and it is interesting to see how he approaches it and makes terms with it. He says: —

> I play my
> private game
> of being constantly
> the same
>
> (which is the circumstance
> that wrings
> my heart in ordinary
> things),
>
> don't think that
> I am trying to
> write as though I
> were one of you,
>
> or writing (which is
> even worse)
> what I suppose a
> child prefers.

This is not a bad mood for an elder, but he is not identifying himself with the small child. How confidently Stevenson bursts out: —

> The friendly cow all red and white
> I love with all my heart.
> She gives me cream with all her might
> To eat with apple tart.

Whether Stevenson the poet is or is not identical with the young Robert Louis, he sits up beside him on the same bed and chatters as if he were. Humbert Wolfe cannot divest himself altogether of his grown-up cleverness. But he has many virtues. If he is not the child, he does not yield to that detestable child worship which assumes the child is an angel compared to the man.

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No! I've found
that children, taking
them all round,
are not the least
bit better than
their parents, and
indeed I can
remember some that
I would gladly
have smothered, when they
slammed doors madly.

That is honest, and if we cannot slip back and become identical with childhood the next-best thing is to be honest, and our poet practises nobly his preaching.

I warn you, therefore,
if you look
for adulation
in this book,
or for an attitude
of dim
belief that you are
seraphim,
you will not find it.

Once he has got his philosophy off he is much more companionable. He has 'Poems against Doctors' filling up a gap which needed filling. The doctor is the great tyrant of childhood. The poet says,

I mean to put them in their place,

and he does; and when he sings about doctors he identifies himself most completely with the small boy he was. There are poems in praise of famous men, those whose names are known favorably to childhood by writing a *Jungle Book* or a *Robinson Crusoe*, a *Gulliver's Travels* or an *Alice in Wonderland* or fairy books. There is a series of poems, 'The New Doll's House,' and another on 'The Return of the Fairy.' It is a very pleasant book of verse, and once I got over my first doubts about his identity with the small Humbert Wolfe, I read it with pleasure to the end, as I have no doubt many thousands of readers will also.

The Rise of the German Republic, by H. G. Daniels. London: Nisbet. 15*s*.

[*Saturday Review*]

At the Conference at Versailles in 1919 voices were raised to cry '*Germania delenda est*,' and an echo of those voices is to be found in certain of the clauses in the Peace Treaty between Germany and the Allied Powers. But, as is often the case with a blind vengeance, it defeated its own object. To-day — eight years after the signature of that treaty — Germany has risen like a phœnix from her own ashes and confronts the world with a problem no less involved and hardly less fraught with possibilities of international unrest than was the case in the years immediately preceding the catastrophe of 1914. The outward trappings of the problem are different, but in its essence it remains unchanged.

The main lesson to be learned from Mr. Daniels's very able and analytical study of the rise of the German Republic is that in very many respects the new German Reich is the old German Reich writ large in seemingly democratic calligraphy. Not, indeed, that the problem is any longer one of making the world safe against Prussian militarism. 'Leaving detail aside,' writes Mr. Daniels, 'Germany is disarmed, and, though the Reichswehr is a framework permitting the rapid expansion of the personnel, the material is not available for rearmament.' . . . Rather is the problem one of reconciling the interests and ideals of an 'uncomfortable people' with those of its more immediate neighbors and of Europe and the world at large.

Deeply rooted in the Teutonic mind is the tradition of monarchical government, and political responsibility is a new and not wholly welcome factor in the national life of a race that has been ruled for generations by a succession of able administrators. Prussia is still the dominant state in the Reich, and her rulers, whatever may have been their faults, carried out their kingly duties with a rare, albeit somewhat unimaginative and uninspiring, devotion to the welfare of their subjects. When the history of Prussia, as also of Baden and other of the lesser states, in the last two centuries is borne in mind, the full force of Mr. Daniels's shrewd observation that 'the German Republic is not the victory of social democracy as a new faith' becomes strikingly apparent.

The whole history of the republican movement in Germany serves to give added emphasis to Mr. Daniels's further statement that 'the Republic was not hailed with

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joy as the new dawn. There was no cry of "We are free." It was but the despairing gesture of a beaten people.' A dreary experiment rather than an outburst of idealistic enthusiasm — and one that observers such as Mr. Daniels must at moments have grown very weary of watching.

It was Mr. Daniels's fate to have to watch the gradual growth of the Republic from its inception until the present year, and if something of the unrelieved grayness of those days permeates his narrative, the fault, if fault it be, must be ascribed to the essential drabness of his subject rather than to Mr. Daniels's style. Perhaps, too, in his desire to achieve impartiality, he has been almost too careful to avoid anything that might give color to his story. We should have welcomed more character sketches of the leading actors in the play. Apart from this criticism, there can be nothing but praise for a book that should do much to promote a better understanding of post-war Germany by giving its readers a singularly objective and dispassionate account of political events in that country in recent years.

Mr. Daniels entertains no very strong belief in the permanence of the republican form of government in Germany. The triumph of a Fascist movement, in his opinion, is not out of the question. 'A restoration is less likely: at the present time dictatorship exercises the greater appeal.'

So Much Good. A Novel in a New Manner. By Gilbert Frankau. London: Hutchinson. *7s. 6d.*

[*Spectator*]

WHY in a new manner? the reader asks himself after reading Mr. Frankau's latest romance. There are the same ingredients as before — a closely knit plot, clever characterization of women, heart thrills, divorce, war.

Gone, however, is the lambent lyricism of *One of Us*. In spite of the author's great abilities, we find a lack of freshness. Margery Nolan is a charming girl, en route for Australia. 'Shadowy boat decks called them and seas phosphorescent and the Southern Cross.' No wonder the great vein on Henry's temple throbbed. Afterward there was Colombo, champagne fizzing in their glasses, Henry's eyes dark across the table. Among the scarlet hibiscus, jungle magic enfolded them. And then you can guess what happened. However, she jilted Henry and married a Jew, whom she divorced during the war in order to marry Alan Denning. Alan was killed. Arthur Coleman came next, out of quite one of the bottom drawers of manhood. He involved her in a dressmaker's shop and a horrible vampire, Elspeth Innis. At last, however, poor distracted Margery, who is the best of good fellows, wins free from her troubles and starts a flower shop in New York, which is a success. Here, in middle age, she meets Henry again, now a famous doctor. But she will not marry him, for there is a fifty-three-year-old reformed drunkard in the background.

The moral is that there is no wisdom except after much suffering. Neither is wisdom all. Nor love. There is a Higher Thing that may have been revealed to Margery Nolan as she stood sadly, but we think proudly, in her flower shop in New York, watching the sunlight fade. Baldly, that is the story. It is a little unfair to the author, perhaps, to tell it thus, for it omits the wit and worldly wisdom, the intensity, the interest, which Mr. Frankau gives us. Yet we miss the authentic note of *Peter Jackson*.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Since Victor Hugo, by Bernard Faÿ. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1927. $2.00.

HERE is an ideal book for those who would understand some of the main currents of modern French literature. It is concise, clear, and penetrating, always carrying the reader along the principal stream of literature, and not confusing or retarding him by digressions into the bayous and backwaters — those schools or writers who merely draw from and add nothing to the progress of letters. Although the book is short, it offers a sufficient background for an appreciation of French literature at a time when it seems heterogeneous and muddled. The author is well able to perform his task, for he belongs to no review and has no axes to grind. He had been absent from France for many years, and upon returning was able to see her literature from a point of view which ignored the confusing and insignificant details. The chapters seldom exceed ten small pages, but this is enough to give us the essentials of such men as Verlaine, Mallarmé, Zola, Bourget, Barrès, Proust, Valéry, Gide, and the schools of symbolism and naturalism. M. Faÿ's style is so pithy that the book reads jerkily, but this is almost to be expected in a work that covers so much in such small space.

The Bloody Poet, by Desider Kostolanyi. New York: Macy-Masius Company, 1927. $2.50.

IN spite of a good deal of crudeness and unevenness, this 'novel about Nero' contains several passages that can fairly be described as powerful. Beginning with the poisoning of Claudius by Agrippina, we follow the young Emperor's lurid career to the moment of his death. There is no slaughter of Christians, no fiddling while Rome burns, and certain more authenticated incidents in a crowded life are also neglected. What the author has tried to give us is the picture of an historical period and of a man who had enough of both the poet and the despot in his make-up to be a failure in both rôles. The figure of Seneca, especially as portrayed at the end of the book, is the one sympathetic, interesting character. Of the others only Poppæa seems real. To outline the plot would merely be to repeat history. Here we need only say that Mr. Kostolanyi has really communicated to us the atmosphere of early Imperial Rome, and has introduced us to a few of its most unpleasant inhabitants. He has written several forceful scenes, and made us feel an uncomfortable understanding of what it was all about.

Beyond the Bund, by Philip Kerby. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd., 1927. $2.50.

THIS is an interesting, unpretentious, sympathetic collection of sketches describing life in Peking and the Chinese treaty ports, but for the most part 'beyond the Bund' — outside the foreign quarter. The author leaves the reader blissfully oblivious of the existence of the Kuomintang, or of the Changs, Chiangs, and Fengs who are doing so much to destroy the happiness of their countrymen. Mr. Kerby is a veteran China correspondent, with a knack for recounting his experiences in a pleasing way, who manages to re-create that almost wistful appeal which the Orient never loses for the Westerner who has felt her charm and had time to forget the rest. Although the English is not always meticulously perfect, sketches like 'The Bird Fanciers' — published in the *Living Age* — and 'Cricket Baiting' are classic descriptions of exotic scenes among exotic people. We cannot imagine a reader failing to get ample entertainment out of the book, nor can we think of a better volume for the Pullman car or deck-chair library of a prospective visitor to China.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

TIME changes everything, except something in us which is always surprised by change.
— *Thomas Hardy*

* * *

Many of the stately homes of England are object lessons in how not to furnish a splendid house. — *Horace Annesley Vachell*

* * *

There is nothing in honors, and I think it is cruel that Hardy should be buried in the Abbey instead of among his own people where he so much wanted to be buried.
— *Miss Teresa Hardy*

* * *

We need probably about twice as many light cruisers as America does, but our need will not increase with her increases because we are not contemplating a war with her at this or any future time. If she chooses to build twice as many ten-thousand-toners as we possess, we shall still sleep quite happily in our beds, and America has so much money just now that we shall not even be troubled by any very poignant sympathy for the American taxpayers whose easily earned dollars are to be thus thrown into the sea.
— *New Statesman*

* * *

It is the traders and not the missionaries who encourage the wearing of clothes.
— *Reverend H. D. Hooper*

* * *

Intelligent woman is progressing steadily away from the old ideals of motherhood.
— *Miss Storm Jameson*

* * *

There is a lot of fun in marriage.
— *J. A. R. Cairns*

* * *

People are most easily moved to laughter by something which has in it the element of sacrilege. — *Sir Owen Seaman*

* * *

The word 'women' is scarcely used now: they are lady clerks, lady assistants, lady charwomen, lady scavengers, and lady everything else. — *Justice Horridge*

* * *

The evil effects of tobacco are deep-seated and sure. Like all narcotics, its use has a deadening effect upon the moral sense, especially in young persons. The use of tobacco clogs the intellect, shatters the nerves, lessens the ambition, saps the brain, interferes with bodily development and the mental vigor of all growing boys. It tends to create a thirst for strong drink, and its excessive use has been known to cause nervous dyspepsia, heart disease, sore throat, cancer of the mouth, throat, and stomach, nasal catarrh, insanity, and imbecility, and to sap the foundations of manliness and virtue. Nothing will so surely destroy the sense of honor and make liars and thieves of boys and young men as the use of tobacco.
— *Irish Presbyterian*

* * *

The formal notice from the Soviet Government of a sentence condemning the Pope to death has been received at the Vatican. The document is signed by a high dignitary of the Orthodox Synod and by the Communist leaders Stalin and Rykov. Pius XI has been condemned to death for having rendered financial aid to the anti-Bolshevist movement. The Pope showed the document to the Sacred College and then deposited it in the archives. —*Journal de Genève*

* * *

There is ten times as much to be gained by working in partnership for a larger cake as by fighting about the size of the slice.
— *E. D. Simon*

* * *

The world is so full of a number of cures that it is a wonder we have not arrived at an earthly Paradise long ago. — *Robert Lynd*

* * *

In good poetry no single statement bears its face value: it means indefinitely more.
— *Professor Gilbert Murray*

* * *

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THE GUIDE POST

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED has visited the United States at various intervals during the past thirty years, and his book, *America Comes of Age*, is already recognized as a classic. Like many other Frenchmen of to-day, he allows his interest to wander beyond the confines of his native land and to settle on the Anglo-Saxon countries.

❦ ❦ ❦

As editor of the *Journal de Genève*, William Martin keeps his finger on the European pulse from day to day. The present object of his concern is the sudden recrudescence of alliances and their bearing on the peace of Europe in general and on the League of Nations in particular. We commend his article as a singularly lucid piece of thinking and writing on a subject of international import.

❦ ❦ ❦

France has entered the world petroleum lists, her recent tariffs on oil imports having already aroused the indignation of the big Anglo-Saxon trusts. *Frankfurter Zeitung's* Paris correspondent tells us more than most Frenchmen could, and a great deal more than almost any Frenchman would, about the forces at work behind the scenes of the greatest economic drama of our time.

❦ ❦ ❦

Denmark, like the other Scandinavian countries, is far ahead of the rest of the world in political sophistication. Her happy condition is, to be sure, not entirely of her own choosing, but, since she is safely able to make experiments that might be imprudent in a larger field, we may well take heed of August Schvan's commendable suggestion and do away with politicians altogether.

❦ ❦ ❦

King Amanullah of Afghanistan is the most exotic creature that the inhabitants of Berlin, Paris, Rome, and London have seen since Jimmy Walker left, but the Eastern potentate's visit possesses a rather wider significance than that of Manhattan's genial mayor. Amanullah typifies both to Christendom and to the Mohammedan world the revival of Islam and the determination of the East to share with the West the spoils of Mother Earth.

As a correspondent of the reactionary *Écho de Paris*, Guy Mounereau was naturally forbidden entrance to Russia. Bessarabia, however, proved an admirable substitute. One bank of the Dniester is just about as exciting as the other, and it is quite on the cards that trouble will break out on the European side first.

❦ ❦ ❦

Bernhard Kellermann, whom we followed through Persia last fall, has now reached Kashmir. He seems to have picked out no ultimate destination, but he has already reached a part of the world that very few white men have visited, and that almost no one has described, quite so eloquently as he does.

❦ ❦ ❦

Leopold Weiss's story about the millionaire is well above the average fiction that appears in the Communist press. For once political purpose is secondary to the real theme of the story, which successfully brings out the economic contrasts and the human similarities between Europe and America.

❦ ❦ ❦

Philip Carr contributes regularly to the *Manchester Guardian* from Paris. He keeps up with all the current literary and theatrical gossip, and his word on the Paris stage is quite as authoritative as any Frenchman's, and possesses the additional advantage of giving the Anglo-Saxon point of view.

❦ ❦ ❦

Robert Lynd contributes a weekly essay to the *New Statesman*, signed with the initials 'Y. Y.' Several volumes of his work have been published in this country.

❦ ❦ ❦

Franz Farga's account of Anatole Deibler, 'Lord of the Guillotine,' and the shipwreck story correspond in Germany to the Sunday feature stories that appear in our leading newspapers here. Needless to say, the Teutonic taste for ironic horror is fully indulged.

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